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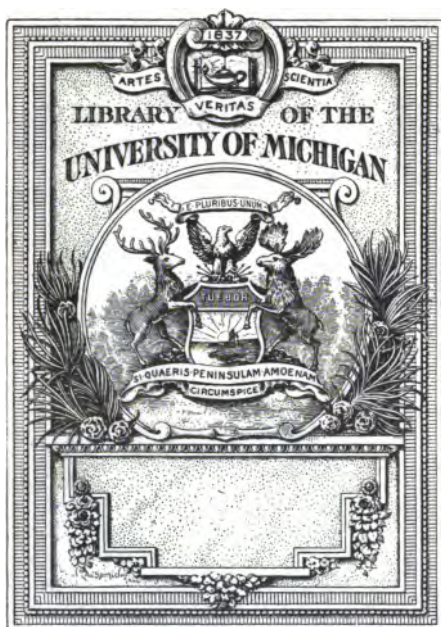
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MAKING THE BEST
OF OUR CHILDREN

FIRST SERIES

MARY WOOD-ALLEN

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**MAKING THE BEST OF
OUR CHILDREN**

FIRST SERIES

Making the Best of Our Children

First Series

ONE TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE

BY

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M.D.

EDITED BY ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN



CHICAGO

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DEDICATED
TO
THE LITTLE GRANDCHILDREN WHOM SHE SO
TENDERLY LOVED
HELEN, ALAN, AND BRUCE

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PREFACE

THESE stories have been written, not for the literary enjoyment of the general reader, but for the enlightenment of fathers and mothers. There has been no attempt at literary style save clearness and simplicity. The effort has been to present clear, contrasting pictures of the way in which various domestic problems usually are handled, and a better way of treating them.

It is easy for the psychologist to lay down fundamental principles of child-training, based upon his knowledge of the child-mind; it is difficult to apply these principles to individual cases. The busy mother very often fails to see how these theoretical considerations bear upon the problem in hand, or how the knowledge set forth in books may be made of practical value in daily life. The psychologist himself often fails to find the best way of acting when a definite problem is set before him. His mind is trained to recognize what should be, but is not always equally

[v]

Preface

well adapted to discover how the desired condition may be secured.

Here, however, is a series of stories which show clearly just how a great variety of problems in child-training may be solved. The mother whose boy is always late to breakfast is not told that "she should arouse a desire in the child to appear at the proper hour," but is shown by an illustrative story how one mother secured the desired result. The method may not be one she could use, but, catching a glimpse of how general principles may be reduced to terms of action suited to a specific instance, she is aroused to a similar attempt. The value of these stories lies not alone in what they portray, but even more in what they suggest.

Equally valuable is the other side of the picture, as shown in the first story of each pair. Many a mother needs to be shaken out of her condition of complacent satisfaction with her own chance manner of dealing with her children's shortcomings. It is only when she catches her own reflection in the mirror of these presentations and is led to *see* the inevitable end of her method, that she realizes any need for thought on her part.

Preface

Once shaken out of her self-satisfaction, she is open and eager to receive the helpful suggestions contained in the presentation of the wiser method of procedure.

That hundreds — yes, thousands — of mothers appreciate this method of teaching was plainly evidenced by the numberless letters received by the author when they were appearing from month to month in the magazine of which she was then editor. That thousands more will benefit from their perusal, is the hope of the one who, now that the author has entered the life beyond, has gathered them together, arranged them, and sends them forth.

THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1909.

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I

TWO METHODS WITH THE BABY

(SIX MONTHS)

MAKING THE BEST OF OUR CHILDREN

First Series

TWO METHODS WITH THE BABY (SIX MONTHS)

No. 1

MRS. EMORY awoke very tired. Indeed, she was always more tired in the morning than when she went to bed, for the baby had been tugging at her all night or else crying, and so disturbed her rest.

This morning baby was still sleeping, and the mother hoped to be able to draw herself away from the little clinging lips without awakening the child. In this, however, she was unsuccessful, and baby set up a cry which threatened to arouse the sleeping father; so Mrs. Emory hastily lifted the child and carried him into the next room. Here she deposited him

Making the Best of Our Children

on the floor, while she hurriedly dressed herself, trying to entertain him at the same time — though unsuccessfully.

When she was dressed, she took the crying child in her arms to the kitchen, where, still holding him, she lighted the fire and filled the teakettle. Again she made a futile effort to put the baby down, but his protesting screams overcame her resolution, and she carried him on one arm while she set the table and made further preparations for breakfast.

As long as she carried him he was perfectly quiet, but every effort to put him out of her arms was met with rebellious cries.

In the midst of one of these attempts the father appeared upon the scene.

"What is the matter with this child?" he exclaimed, somewhat petulantly. "Why don't you feed him?"

"He is n't hungry," replied the mother.

"See how he is chewing his fists," said Mr. Emory. "I guess he knows better than you when he is hungry. Give him something to eat."

Mrs. Emory obeyed the suggestion, and nursed

Two Methods with the Baby

the baby between intervals of attending to the cooking. At length the meal was placed upon the table, in a somewhat disorderly fashion, and the mother seated herself with the baby in her arms.

"Can't you put him in his chair?" asked the father.

"You know very well how he will act if I do," replied Mrs. Emory. "He will throw everything upon the floor that he can get hold of, and scream until we can't hear ourselves think. I can hold him here if I feed him a little."

"Of course," said Mr. Emory, with a smile, "a baby that has four teeth can eat, and I protest against your starving him."

"He certainly is not starved, James," replied Mrs. Emory, "for he has been eating practically all night. I just feel as if every particle of life had been taken out of me"; and her tired looks corroborated her words.

"Well, he is old enough to eat," asserted the father, with emphasis. "Give him some of your potato."

This the mother did, following each mouthful with a few drops of coffee from her cup, and

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occasionally taking the bread from her own mouth and putting it into the mouth of the child, who soon learned to reach up and take the bread from her lips, at which both parents laughed.

Breakfast over, Mr. Emory departed to his business, and Mrs. Emory endeavored to put the baby down long enough to do the breakfast work.

It was a hard morning. If she put the little fellow upon the floor, he cried. If she carried him in her arms, he was good, but she could not work to advantage. He seemed to be constantly hungry, and yet frequent feeding did not satisfy him.

At length, in utter despair, the mother concluded to administer a soothing syrup, which was advertised as "perfectly harmless" and which she knew would make him sleep. After two doses, the little fellow slept, — not the rosy sleep of the normal child, but with partially opened eyes and mouth, and an unpleasant pallor which would have aroused the anxiety of an understanding observer.

During the two hours of this unnatural sleep Mrs. Emory was able to do her housework and

Two Methods with the Baby

prepare her dinner. Just before dinner the baby woke up, and she found time to wash and dress him. Then he was nursed and placed in his high-chair at the dinner-table—behaving just exactly as his mother had prophesied at breakfast. Everything given to him was thrown upon the floor, and his hands were constantly reaching out for the food which his parents were eating. They gave him something at intervals from their own plates, and by the time the meal was ended he had received a most heterogeneous combination of articles, totally unfit for the diet of a baby six months old.

By means of lumps of sugar, Mrs. Emory was able to keep the baby quiet until she could wash the dinner dishes and dress herself for the afternoon, after which he was washed and dressed, and taken out in his carriage for an airing, during which time he was comparatively good. In fact, he slept for at least half an hour.

Upon his awakening, the trials of the morning were repeated in the vain efforts of the mother to entertain or pacify him and the rebellious screams of the child when everything did not go to suit him.

Making the Best of Our Children

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Emory, as her husband entered the house at supper-time. "Can't you take this child for a little while? I am so tired, it seems as if I should drop, and I have n't been able to do a thing towards getting supper."

Mr. Emory responded pleasantly to this suggestion, for the child was now old enough to be played with and therefore to be entertaining; and while the mother prepared the evening meal, father and baby had a most hilarious romp.

"Just see how good he is with me," said the father, as he brought the laughing child into the dining-room.

But the goodness quickly vanished when an attempt was made to put him out of his father's arms.

"I'll carry him while you eat your supper," said Mr. Emory, "and then you can take care of him while I eat mine."

This plan was followed with success, Mr. Emory taking the baby again at the close of his meal, and romping with him until Mrs. Emory had done her evening work.

Then the baby was undressed, and at about half-past seven in the evening Mrs. Emory sat

Two Methods with the Baby

down to rock the little fellow. Nearly two hours passed in this manner before the child was able to become quiet enough to sleep, so that it was really bedtime for the parents, and Mrs. Emory knew that if she did not get to bed during this first nap of the child's she would have the work all to do over again.

"I met Mr. Halstead as I was coming home to-night," said Mr. Emory, "and he told me he and his wife were going to the concert. I wish you and I could go out together once in a while."

"I really do not see how they can go out so much evenings," said Mrs. Emory. "Their baby is just the same age as ours, but I know Mrs. Halstead does go out whenever she wants to."

"Their baby must have better health than ours," said Mr. Emory. "Perhaps that is the reason, or maybe she gives it soothing syrup at night so that it will sleep."

"No, she does n't," replied Mrs. Emory. "She objects to giving soothing syrup at any time, but somehow her baby is very good. I really can't understand it. I guess it is just a matter of temperament, and something we can't help."

Making the Best of Our Children

No. 2

To follow Mrs. Halstead through the day with her baby would probably explain the problem which puzzled her neighbor, Mrs. Emory. Mrs. Halstead, unlike Mrs. Emory, had a system which originated in common sense and which was carried out with good judgment.

In the first place, her baby was accustomed to regular times of nursing. He had also been treated to what the old lady called "a little wholesome neglect." He slept in his own separate bed, so he was not subjected to the temptation of constant night nursing.

On this particular day, when Mrs. Halstead awoke after a comfortable night's rest, she heard a very lovely cooing sound from the little bed near her, and, glancing in that direction, saw that the baby had kicked off his covers and, with his bare feet sticking straight up in the air, was having a happy time playing with his toes.

How long he had been awake the mother did not know. On seeing her looking at him, he stretched out his hands with an appealing sound,

Two Methods with the Baby

which she answered by raising him into a sitting position and giving to him a few playthings which were made fast to the bars of the crib by strings, so that they could not be thrown upon the floor, or, if pushed out of the crib, could be recovered by means of the strings. They were very simple playthings — a couple of clothes pins, two or three buttons strung on a cord, an empty bottle, and an empty tin box, out of which he could make a rattle with the various small articles. These the child played with very happily while the mother was dressing. He protested a little when she left the room, but the father reached out his arms and drew the little fellow to him in the large bed, where he began amusing himself with investigating the configuration of the father's face, being very much entertained with finding how he could make the eyelids come open, or find the orifice of the mouth.

While this entertainment was going on, Mrs. Halstead was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast. While breakfast was being eaten, baby was placed in his little carriage by the mother's side, and entertained himself with a teaspoon and a napkin ring.

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Breakfast over, Mrs. Halstead put away the eatables, piled the dishes up in the sink, and then it was time for baby's bath, — a most happy time for both mother and child. Then came baby's breakfast, and mother enjoyed a few minutes' rest, with a glance at a favorite magazine, while baby partook of his food.

The repast being ended, baby was placed upon the floor with a new supply of articles for his entertainment, while the mother was able to wash her dishes and make the beds. Then baby was taken up for a little variation, talked to and played with for a few minutes, then made warm and dry, and laid away in his own bed for his morning nap. He smiled happily and waved his hand good-bye to mother, as she left him alone for a peaceful sleep.

During the next two hours Mrs. Halstead was able to give her time uninterruptedly to her housework and to her dinner. At twelve o'clock baby waked, was nursed, and was ready again to sit in his little wagon, gnawing away at his hard roll of bread, while his parents ate their dinner in quietness. After dinner he went down upon the floor again to play until the dishes were washed

Two Methods with the Baby

and mother was dressed for the afternoon. Then came his ride, his supper at four o'clock, another quiet hour of play, and at half-past five o'clock he was undressed for his air bath, which he greatly enjoyed. At six o'clock he was again laid quietly to rest. In a few minutes he was soundly asleep, and Mrs. Halstead went down to a quiet evening meal with her husband with the certainty that nothing would be heard from baby until ten o'clock.

That is why Mr. and Mrs. Halstead could attend concerts and lectures or make friendly visits, for they knew that the one who was left in care of the baby would have nothing to do but to sit quietly during the entire evening.

II
TWO YOUNG FATHERS
(NINE MONTHS)

II

TWO YOUNG FATHERS

(NINE MONTHS)

No. 1

MRS. HAYDEN was bending over her tiny infant with looks of adoration. Her husband stood looking out of the window, whistling.

"Come here, Henry," she called, "and see the baby. He is four days old, and you have hardly looked at him, I really believe."

Obedient to the summons, Mr. Hayden came to the bedside and bent over the sleeping infant.

"Is n't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" the young mother said, softly stroking the little bald head.

"Not exactly," said Mr. Hayden with a smile, poking his finger in the little red wrinkled cheek. "To tell you the truth, I can't say that he is pretty at all. In fact, I had no idea that new babies looked so much like little animals."

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"Oh, Henry!" protested his wife, glancing up at him reproachfully.

"Oh, of course, he's nice," said Mr. Hayden; "but you really don't expect me to take very much interest in him until he begins to be able to take notice."

"I hoped you would," said Mrs. Hayden with a little sigh, but giving no other evidence of disappointment.

She knew her husband, and knew what she might in reason expect from him. He was a good-natured man, but, as he said of himself, there was "no false sentiment" about him. He was absorbed in business, and felt that if he furnished all that was required for the physical needs of his family, he had compassed his duty. His place was to attend to business; his wife's, to look after the house and children. She was capable of doing it, and it was not his place to be meddling with her affairs.

"Of course," he said, "when the kid gets old enough to be obstreperous, I may have to get in and lend a hand in keeping him in order; but wife will do the larger part of the training."

Two Young Fathers

It did n't occur to him that this little bundle of capabilities should make any appeal to his moral nature. It was n't a man's business to take care of babies, and babies were not interesting until they could serve as a means of paternal amusement.

Leaving home early in the morning and not returning until the baby was asleep, Mr. Hayden saw practically nothing of the little one except on Sunday, and even then he seemed to be far more interested in the Sunday newspaper than in the child.

"Don't you want to see the baby in his bath?" his wife would ask on Sunday morning. "You have no time on week-days, and he does look so lovely as he kicks and splashes the water. I know you would enjoy it."

"Oh, certainly," Mr. Hayden would reply abstractedly, from the depths of his newspaper. "Just let me know when you are ready."

It was with a feeling of self-approval, as quite a model husband and father, that he laid down his paper at his wife's call and went to witness the operation of bathing the baby. He would stand looking on as an entirely disinterested

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party might have done, asking no special questions, but occasionally snapping his fingers at the child, or saying, "Hello, youngster, you are having a fine time, are n't you?" and then return to his reading, well satisfied with himself. He had borne the interruption good-naturedly. What more could a wife ask? It never occurred to him that a more intimate knowledge of the conduct of his household and the care of his baby might be of importance to himself.

One night Mrs. Hayden was taken with a severe chill, and by morning was in a raging fever with delirium. The doctor was called, and one or two near neighbors hastily summoned. For a time all were absorbed in the care of the invalid, but the baby's insistent cries soon made it evident that he, too, must receive attention.

"Where is baby's food?" asked Mrs. Blake, one of the neighbors. "He must have something to eat."

"Why, I don't know," said Mr. Hayden. "She nurses him, does n't she?"

"Partly," replied Mrs. Blake, "but you know she has been giving him additional food for some time."

Two Young Fathers

"Why, no — yes — why, I don't know. Seems to me she has been giving him something from a bottle, but I don't know what it is nor where she keeps it. You will have to hunt around and find it."

Mrs. Blake made search and found several kinds of infants' foods, and, appealing to the doctor for counsel, prepared the baby's breakfast. All appeals to Mr. Hayden where to find things were of no avail. He had no idea where the baby's clothes were kept, nor how the baby was dressed. He was n't sure whether his wife gave the baby a bath every day or only on Sunday morning, and could tell nothing about the temperature of the bath. When appealed to over and over again for directions, he could only helplessly say, "Oh, do the best you can, Mrs. Blake, I don't know anything about it."

It was impossible to secure help, so Mr. Hayden must of necessity remain at home and take care of his wife. Mrs. Blake took the baby to her house with the promise to "treat it as one of her own," and Mr. Hayden was installed as nurse and housekeeper. The sick woman would have fared badly had not the neighbors made

Making the Best of Our Children

daily visits to give her personal attention and send in such articles of food as the doctor prescribed.

Mr. Hayden was comparatively helpless. He knew absolutely nothing about cooking and had not the slightest knack of nursing. He was of very little importance except to stay in the house so that the patient should not be left alone, and to run on errands. Occasionally he would go into the neighbor's to inquire after the baby, and, when told that he was doing well, seemed satisfied.

When Mrs. Hayden was well enough to assume at least partial care of the little one, she was horrified at the change that had taken place in the child's appearance.

"This baby is sick," she said. "Did n't you know it, Henry?"

"Why, no, how should I know it? I don't know anything about babies, and Mrs. Blake said she would take care of it as if it were her own."

"She evidently has," replied Mrs. Hayden, with irony. "She has had six, and all of them are dead but one."

Two Young Fathers

"Well, I supposed she knew how to take care of children," said Mr. Hayden, "seeing she had had so many."

"Some women don't know any more about taking care of babies than some men," replied Mrs. Hayden, sarcastically.

"Now, Anna, I think that is unkind," said her husband. "You can't expect a man to attend to business and take care of babies too."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Hayden, "but one would think that even a business man could take some practical interest in the welfare of his family."

No. 2

Mrs. LESTER was bending over her first-born with looks of adoration so absorbed that she did not heed the approach of her husband, until, putting his head gently against hers, he said: "Just give me half a chance, madam. I am a member of this adoration society, and you are not going to crowd me out, even if you are the mother."

Mrs. Lester looked up in her husband's face

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with a happy smile, as she said, "Is n't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw?"

"I think I could hardly say that," replied her husband, laughing. "From an æsthetic standpoint I have seen things I consider his superior, but he is certainly the most marvellous miracle that has ever come under my personal observation.

"Now, Nellie," he added appealingly, "I want you to let me in 'on the ground floor' in this business. Usually, fathers don't have half a chance. They must of necessity spend most of their time in their business, but I claim at least one day out of the seven as mine and half of every night. As soon as the nurse goes, I am going to learn all the mysteries of baby's toilet. I want to know how to give him his bath and to dress him, to rock and sing to him and cuddle him just as much like a mother as possible. If God, our Heavenly Father, can comfort us as a mother comforteth her children," he said reverently, "I think we earthly fathers ought to try to learn something of what that motherly care may mean, not only to the baby, but also in its reflex influence upon ourselves."

Two Young Fathers

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it!" murmured Mrs. Lester. "I just felt sure that you would enter with me into all the deeper experiences that come through motherhood. We'll study them together, and he will not be as too many children are, — half-orphans, though with living fathers."

In pursuance of the plan thus outlined, Mr. Lester acquainted himself with the whole routine of the baby's life. On Sunday morning, with the bath apron spread upon his knees to make a lap, he went through the process of undressing, bathing, and dressing the baby. Half the duties of the night-time were taken not only good-naturedly, but most eagerly, by himself; and sometimes when he had walked the floor with the restless, crying child, he had said to his wife: "Men do not know what they miss in being willing to forego this intimate acquaintance with their children. I did not know that tiny fingers could clutch a man's heart so strongly that it would almost cease to beat with the apprehension that the little one's illness might be serious and the little life be soon missed from the home."

One day Mrs. Lester was knocked down by a runaway horse and seriously injured, so that for

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hours she was unconscious. Mr. Lester was hastily summoned from his place of business, and soon found that all his knowledge of household affairs was to be tested to the utmost. He knew just where old cloths could be found for bandages; he knew just exactly what supplemental food was prepared for the baby, how it was prepared, and what amount was given at each feeding. He knew where the baby's clothes were kept, the temperature of the bath, the hours of sleeping, and absolutely refused to allow the child to be taken home by a neighbor.

"No," he said, "no one can care for him as I can. We will be glad of neighborly assistance and kindness, but you must consider that I am head nurse in taking care of my wife, and both father and mother in caring for the baby."

The kindness of the neighbors in sending in food was acknowledged, but the viands that Mrs. Lester found most to her taste were those which were prepared by her husband; and when she was so far recovered that the child could be brought again to her, she saw him as rosy, well, and happy as at the time of her accident.

Two Young Fathers

"What a blessed thing it was, dear," she said to her husband, "that you knew how to do all these things for me and the baby!"

"Yes," he replied, "a blessing not only for you but for me as well, because I have learned better than ever before how to appreciate what you are doing every day; and I know that I will be better able to understand my son when he grows older because I have been so intimate a part of his life in infancy."

III
DEVELOPING CHARACTER TRAITS
(EIGHTEEN MONTHS)

III

DEVELOPING CHARACTER TRAITS

(EIGHTEEN MONTHS)

No. 1

A LITTLE fellow just learning to walk stumbles and hurts his head against a chair. Mamma runs and picks him up, exclaiming, "Naughty chair to hurt baby! We will whip the chair"; and so the mind of the child is diverted from his own pain, and filled with the idea of inflicting pain upon something else in retaliation. This plan is followed in regard to everything with which the child comes into unpleasant contact, and, following up the course of reasoning thus suggested, he soon comes to strike people and to be filled with the spirit of retaliation.

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No. 2

A **LITTLE** fellow just learning to walk stumbles and hurts his head against a chair. Mamma runs and picks him up, exclaiming cheerfully: "That did not hurt baby! Did it hurt the chair? Poor chair! You must pet the chair and love it." So baby is taught to express sympathy with the chair, table, or other inanimate object with which he comes into unpleasant contact.

Little by little he learns to express the same feeling in regard to individuals, and instead of instinctively retaliating when he is hurt, he begins to manifest a sympathetic interest in the person or thing through which the hurt has come. Many a quarrel with other children is thus averted because of the loving disposition manifested, and the child grows up with a sweetness of temper that means much to him and those about him.

IV
TEACHING SELF-CONTROL
(TWO YEARS)

IV
TEACHING SELF-CONTROL
(TWO YEARS)

No. 1

MRS. WRIGHT was a young mother, with no previous experience in the care of infants, and had not yet proved herself altogether successful in solving her problem. She was overburdened with household cares, and, although naturally amiable, she was often impatient because overwearied. Not understanding how to teach her baby to be self-reliant, she had allowed him to become tyrannical, and, as a consequence, he was seldom out of her arms.

As he grew old enough to sit in his high-chair, she used sometimes to put him up to the table instead of holding him on her lap; but he proved himself very troublesome, snatching at the tablecloth, throwing knives and spoons on the floor, and screaming at the top of his voice if they were not at once restored to him or if they were placed

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out of his reach. As he grew old enough to feed himself, he became very dictatorial, demanding everything on the table, clambering up and helping himself, or raising a wonderful rumpus if in any way his wishes were thwarted. It did not take him very long to become the despot of the household.

As an infant, he was carried by his mother everywhere she went. As he grew old enough to walk, he demanded still that he accompany her, until at last she grew into the habit of asking his permission to perform her daily duties.

"You 'll let mamma go upstairs and make the beds, won't you, Georgie dear?" which reasonable request "Georgie dear" flatly refused to grant. And then mamma would coax: "Please, Georgie, you stay here and let mamma go upstairs and make your little bed," and so on, until the contest would end by mamma's carrying the obstinate child upstairs and coaxing or bribing him into permitting her to make the beds. Then, as dinner-time approached, "Mamma wants to go down cellar; you 'll stay here until mamma comes back, won't you, Georgie?" No, Georgie would n't. Nothing would satisfy the little tyrant

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but that he must be carried down cellar and bribed with an apple in addition.

When Georgie was two years old, a guest at the table witnessed this little scene. Georgie, seated in his high-chair, climbed upon the table and helped himself to various articles of food before the rest of the people were seated. During the meal he asked for several things, and refused them as soon as they were given to him. He decided that he would not have milk, he must have coffee. He would not eat bread, he must have cake; and if at first refused, he howled and kicked until his requests were granted. He demanded pickles; his mother at first demurred at giving them to him. He pounded on the table with his knife and fork, kicked the under side of the table with his toes, and emitted such dreadful yells that at last his mother selected a pickle and offered it to him. It apparently did not suit His Highness, for he took it and threw it across the table and still demanded pickle. The mother, with a deprecating look at the guest, held the dish toward him, and he handled the pickles over until he found one that suited him, and then subsided into temporary quiet.

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The father, with a smile, said to the guest, "You see, we purchase peace at any price."

"Well, that is Scriptural, is n't it?" asked the little mother, gently.

It is not difficult to imagine what may be the price at which they will purchase peace, as this child advances in years.

No. 2

MRS. CLAYTON is a young mother, inexperienced in the care of infants, but, having paid much attention to the study of the psychology of childhood, she has some foundation principles upon which she intends to build the superstructure of her child's character. He is a strong, active little fellow, with a brain ever on the alert, and it will take much patience and skill for her to direct his developing energies in right channels.

One of her especially strong points is her belief that the child must have an opportunity to get acquainted with himself, and this for many months will be his principal occupation, — therefore she does not thrust her presence upon him continually. He is allowed to lie upon the

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bed or on the floor, to study his little hands and to make the aimless movements which are acquainting him with his own powers. His feet are left free to kick, and so he is getting acquainted with himself and the world. He spends his infancy generally within sight and hearing of the mother, and sometimes in closer and dearer companionship, which, because not constant, has for him all the delight of a visit. By this plan she is left free a greater part of the time to attend to her household duties.

As he grows old enough to sit in his high-chair, he is sometimes placed at the table, that he may have the companionship of his parents; but he is not fed at this time, because he has his own regular meals of especially prepared foods at stated intervals. He thus early learns the lesson that his parents may eat things which are not permitted him. At first Mrs. Clayton gave him a spoon with which to amuse himself while papa and mamma were eating. The first time he dropped the spoon upon the floor, she instinctively returned it to him; he took it and at once threw it down upon the floor, watching it with apparent pleasure.

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“Ah,” said Mrs. Clayton, “he has made a discovery. He has learned that he can drop things. Now he must make another discovery, — that things which he drops do not come back to him.” So no attention was paid to his pleading that the spoon should be restored. A few such experiences told him, better than slapped fingers and impatient words, that if he desired to retain an article as a plaything when he was up in the high-chair, he must not throw it upon the floor.

When he grew old enough so that his dinner-time came at the same hour as that of his parents, Mrs. Clayton thought it a good thing that he should begin to learn table manners in company with other people. So he was permitted to take his dinner with them; but this did not mean that he was to eat of everything placed upon the table. There were certain articles of food of which his parents might eat which were forbidden to him. For example, he was not allowed potatoes, Mrs. Clayton having learned that these starchy foods are not the best for little children. When first he made request that potatoes should be given him, he was pleasantly told that “potatoes were for papa and mamma and not for

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Freddy." As he was not accustomed to rebelling against the decisions of his parents, he accepted the statement as law and cheerfully abided by it. Sometimes when there were guests in the family a little spirit of mischief would seem to possess him, and he would ask for potatoes. When he would receive the usual reply, he would sing in apparently high glee, "Tatoes for papa and mamma, not for Freddy."

"I do not see how you can refuse to give your child the food which you put before him on the table and which you yourself eat," guests would sometimes say. Mrs. Clayton would reply:

"All through life he will be obliged to see many things which he cannot appropriate to himself; the sooner and the more happily he learns this lesson, the better it will be for him. I deny him nothing that is not hurtful, and I am sure that he feels that, just as far as possible, I give him the things he wants."

Certainly it would seem as if this were the case, for the little fellow seemed to find it no hardship to refuse candies, fruits, and cake when offered him by neighbors, with the simple words, "Why, I don't eat cake," or, "My mamma

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does n't allow me to eat between meals," which to him seemed a sufficient reason for not accepting the proffered gifts.

When he was a baby, Mrs. Clayton did not carry him constantly in her arms as she went about her work. He was accustomed to seeing her go in and out of the room without being consulted in the matter. As he grew older she used to say to him, if she knew she would be absent from the room for some time, "Now, mamma is going upstairs to make the beds"; or, "Mamma is going down cellar after potatoes." Very frequently she would permit him to accompany her, but always as a favor to him. He might, for example, take his little tin pail and go with her to the cellar and bring up a couple of apples for himself, which were then put in a pan and baked for his dinner; but if the mother was too busy to allow him this privilege, he learned that it was no use to tease. And so, while, in the first place, her plan of management took rather more time than to have yielded to his wishes, in the end it secured for him more happiness, for her more leisure, and for the whole family far more peace.

V

TRAINING IN OBEDIENCE

(TWO YEARS)

V

TRAINING IN OBEDIENCE

(TWO YEARS)

No. 1

“**W**HEN this child is old enough to understand, we shall have to begin to teach him to mind, but he is so little now that we cannot expect him to understand what is said to him.”

Mrs. Ellis was coming back from a race down the sidewalk after her little two-year-old boy, who, not heeding her prohibition, had slipped through the gateway and was running as fast as his little feet could carry him. His mother ran after him, caught him up and ran back, kissing and playing with him until he forgot his disappointment in the play with her. Once inside the gate, she put him down, closed the gate, fastened it, and, shaking her finger smilingly at the little fellow, said, “We ’ll fix it so you won’t get

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out again"; then, to a friend who sat near, she continued, "I really dread the time when we shall have to begin to teach him to mind, for he actually does not seem to have the least idea of what obedience means."

This was not surprising when we take into consideration the method of training which had so far been pursued. Everything which would be marred or broken by his handling had always been put out of his reach. He was forcibly kept from all possible dangers, as far as his mother could foresee them. If he was told not to go near the stove, he was closely watched, and if it was observed that he was approaching the forbidden object, some one would run after him and carry him away from the place of danger. So it was with doorways, stairways, gateways, and all possibly dangerous places. Prohibitions were given, but were followed so closely by forcible restraint, softened and sweetened by caresses and playful endearments, that it was not surprising that the little fellow should seem to imagine that "No, no, baby must not," was a challenge to attempt that which was forbidden, a signal for a playful romp with mamma.

Training in Obedience

The problem which Mrs. Ellis had set for herself, she might well dread to undertake,—namely, teaching her boy to obey, when the time should arrive that, in her judgment, brought with it an ability on his part to understand what prohibitions really meant.

No. 2

“No doubt you have very fine theories, but you will discover that your children will scatter your theories to the winds.”

These were the prophecies made by Mrs. Farwell's friends, who knew that she had ideas in regard to the training of children. When her first-born son lay in her arms, these same wise friends, with prophetic chuckles over her coming overthrow, said, “This is the little chap that's going to show his mamma that a real, live child cannot be brought up on theories.”

But Mrs. Farwell did not expect defeat. She felt sure that she would be able to work out a plan of action which would prove the wisdom of her theories. Looking down into the baby's face, she said to herself: “His education must begin at once. This education does not mean

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forcible restraint, but the development of inward governing force."

From the very outset of life she began a course of training which she hoped would give him power to govern himself. As he grew old enough to notice things and to endeavor to use his hands, desirable objects were not put out of his reach, but at once the training began which would enable him to see pretty things and at the same time not handle them. The mother spent considerable time in this direct training. She would put up before him a pretty vase, or some other attractive object, and when he would put out his hands toward it, she would gently pull the hands back, saying, "No, no, baby must not touch." She knew he would not understand the words, but she felt sure that before long he would associate these sounds with her own forcible though gentle prevention of his handling the desired object. He might look at it all he pleased, but the little hands must be kept off. He learned in this way to look at books and pictures and enjoy them although not handling them, so that the house was not denuded of its ornamentation because there was a baby in it.

Training in Obedience

When he became old enough to walk and the little hands threatened to be troublesome, mamma taught him that he must put his hands behind him. "Look with your eyes and not with your fingers," she would say, and it was really interesting to see how he would instinctively put his hands behind him when examining some object of interest.

He was forbidden to go near the stove, and, in order to impress this prohibition upon him, he was allowed to touch the stove when it was not hot enough to burn him severely and yet enough to give him some pain. After that, there was no trouble in that regard.

When he became old enough to be allowed to play out in the yard, the command was given that he must not go outside the gate. Not feeling quite sure that he understood this prohibition, or thinking the temptation might prove too strong to be resisted, Mrs. Farwell spent the first afternoon in watching what he would do. For a time the other attractions seemed sufficient to keep him away from the forbidden place, but at length his attention was drawn to the possible delights outside the boundary, and he found

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his way through the gate and out on the sidewalk. This was delightful freedom, but not long to be enjoyed. Mamma procured a soft rope which she tied to his waist, and fastened the other end to a tree inside the yard, giving him rope enough to reach the gate, but not go outside. He, of course, was not pleased with this restriction. Mamma talked with him very seriously and explained that he must not go outside the gate, and then released him. Again he disobeyed and again was promptly tied, and this was repeated until he came to understand, without any scolding or without the infliction of physical pain, that the yard was a domain wherein he could play with perfect freedom, but if he went outside he lost this freedom. It therefore remained for him to decide which he would do,—be free within the prescribed limits or, going beyond, lose his freedom.

Many and ingenious were the methods Mrs. Farwell employed to show the little one what was meant by “No, no, baby must not do this.” It took time and patience in the outset, but it saved much time and patience in the end, for by the time he could thoroughly understand what was

Training in Obedience

said to him, he had learned that mamma's prohibitions had actual meaning, and the penalties which followed their disobedience were swift and sure, and, while not inflicting physical pain, seriously interfered with his pursuit of happiness.

VI

EARLY ATTITUDE TOWARD HOUSEWORK

(THREE YEARS)

VI
EARLY ATTITUDE TOWARD
HOUSEWORK
(THREE YEARS)

No. 1

LITTLE Agnes Martin has a broom and a dustpan among her Christmas gifts. She is very anxious to use them, but has only succeeded in annoying her mother with them. When she sees her mother preparing for sweeping-day, she is overjoyed.

“Oh, I can help sweep, can’t I, mamma?” and she runs away to bring her broom. She returns with eyes shining with anticipation, and begins flourishing her broom over the carpet here and there in a very irregular way.

“Stop that!” calls out Mrs. Martin. “You can’t sweep. You are raising a dust and making me more work. You are a regular little nuisance. I wish you had n’t been given a broom. There’ll be no peace with you now.”

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"But I want to help you sweep," persists the child.

"Well, you can't help; so run away and stop your crying. I'll warrant that when you are old enough to help you won't be so anxious. Clear out now! Come, get out from under my feet!"

The child obeys, but the brightness has gone from her face, the light from her eyes.

Three hours later, Mrs. Martin begins setting the table for dinner, and again little Agnes pleads to be allowed to help.

"You can't help," says her mother, "you'd drop and break things. I wish you'd keep out of my way. I'm in a hurry. Go to your play and don't bother me."

It is three years later and baking-day. Agnes, now seven years old, wants to help, but, as usual, Mrs. Martin refuses her aid. "You can't help," she repeats, as before. "You are only in the way. I'd rather you'd clear out entirely."

"Susie Morrow's mamma lets her cut out cookies, and help get the dinner, and do lots of things," pleads Agnes.

"Well, I can't help that. I can't be bothered."

"It is n't bother, it's help," persists Agnes.

Early Attitude toward Housework

"Yes; you call it help, but I'd rather do it alone than show you how. Clear out, now! When you are older, you can help; only, of course, you won't want to, then. Children never want to do the things they can do, but are always teasing to do what they can't do."

It is a Saturday morning seven years later. Mrs. Martin has an excruciating headache, and comes into the sitting-room to rest a few moments. Here she finds Agnes, a large girl of fourteen, busy reading a book.

"Oh, here you are," exclaims Mrs. Martin, irritably. "Reading, as usual. I warrant you have n't done a single stroke of work this morning. Have you taken care of your room?"

Agnes gives an inarticulate reply and continues reading.

"Go and sweep your room and put it in order," commands Mrs. Martin. "Then I want you to help get dinner. There's to be company, you know."

"I don't know how to get dinner," Agnes says, sullenly, as she leaves the room.

"That's always the way," sighs Mrs. Martin. "I've slaved to save her, thinking she'd be

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grateful, but she is n't one bit. She does n't care that I'm sick and tired out. She'd never offer to do a thing for me. Solomon was right, it is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child."

Agnes pays no attention to the suggestion that she is to get dinner; so Mrs. Martin gets it herself, but at its close tells her daughter to wash the dishes.

"I hate dish-washing," pouts Agnes. "I hate housework. I never mean to do one bit of it when I'm grown up."

"It's very little of it you've done yet," says Mrs. Martin. "I thought if I saved you when you were young, you'd repay me by saving me as you grew up; but I was mistaken."

"I'll tell you where you made your mistake," says the girl. "You would n't let me work when I wanted to, and now I don't know how and don't love work, and I'm not to blame."

"Oh, of course you'll blame me. I might have known that would be the thanks I'd get"; and Mrs. Martin sobs in self-pity, while her daughter sullenly washes the dishes, feeling sorry only for herself.

Early Attitude toward Housework

No. 2

AMONG her Christmas gifts little Lois Barrows has received a broom and dustpan. She sees with great delight her mother's preparations for the next sweeping-day and runs to find her implements.

"I can help sweep, mamma," she exclaims joyfully, as she begins flirting her broom vigorously over the carpet.

"Yes, dear," replies Mrs. Barrows, who believes her child to be of more importance than things. "You can help if you will do just what mamma wants you to. First, you can take these books and put them on the sofa as mamma dusts them."

With shining eyes and a feeling of great importance at being mamma's helper, little Lois carries the books. "What next, mamma?" she asks.

"Now you can help me put the sheets over the furniture."

"Why do you do that?" queries the child, as she straightens out the sheet over the sofa.

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"To keep the dust off," answers Mrs. Barrows. "Now we'll open the windows, and then you can go and sweep the porch while I sweep here. Let us see which can sweep her room the best."

By this ruse she gets the child out of the dust of her sweeping, but does not deprive her of the privilege of helping. Occasionally she goes to the door to oversee the sweeping of the porch and to make encouraging suggestions.

"Can I help dust, mamma?" asks Lois.

"Yes, dear; here is a cloth, and this is the way to dust a chair. You see, it will help mamma a great deal if you do it well, for then she won't have to stoop so much."

The child is really anxious to do her work right, and soon learns to see the dust and remove it, to shake her dust cloth out of doors, as mamma does, and surveys her finished work with great pride. Her eyes glow under her mother's just commendation. "I'm your little helper, am n't I, mamma?"

"Indeed you are and always will be."

It is three hours later. "Can I set the table?" asks little Lois.

Early Attitude toward Housework

"You can help. Go to the other end of the table and pull the cloth straight as I throw it to you. Now you can put on the knives, forks, spoons, and napkins."

"And dishes, too, mamma?"

"Not quite yet, dearie. We'll have to save some work for you to learn when you are older. It will not be long until you can set the table all by yourself."

"Goody!" says the child.

It is three years later and baking-day.

"Can I help?" asks the little Lois.

"Oh, yes, dear, of course you can. I'd hardly know how to do without you. You know how to do so many things now. You may beat these eggs. Then you can bring up some apples and chop them after I have peeled them."

"What next? Can I cut out the cookies?"

"Certainly."

"And ornament the pies?"

"To be sure. We would n't know our pies if you did not ornament them. Then you can wash the potatoes for dinner, fill the kettle with water, wash the rice, fill the salt-cellars, and set the table."

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While Lois is busy with these tasks, her tongue is clattering merrily, and Mrs. Barrows learns much of the school life of her daughter, much about her companionship, much concerning her thoughts and feelings, and feels that the most important results of the morning are not the bread, pie, and cake, or the well-cooked dinner, but the sympathy, confidence, and companionship that grow out of the hours spent with her child.

It is a Saturday morning seven years later. Mrs. Barrows and Lois have been busy working together, and now sit down for a moment's rest. "You look tired, mother," says Lois, lovingly.

"I've had a headache all the morning," replies Mrs. Barrows.

"Then you're not going to do another bit of work. You just lie here till dinner is ready."

"But you know, dear, papa is going to bring home company to dinner."

"Well, what of that?" laughs the girl. "I think it's a pity if I can't get dinner, such an experienced housekeeper as I am."

"Oh, I know you are competent," says Mrs. Barrows, smiling.

Early Attitude toward Housework

"Then let me prove it. Surely I ought to 'do you proud.' You have been such a faithful, patient teacher. I must have been an awful nuisance when I was little, always wanting to help. Did n't you often want to drive me away?"

Mrs. Barrows gently smooths the girl's hair from her forehead, as she lovingly replies:

"Your help was not always the most efficient, but I never wanted to drive you away. I was too anxious to keep you close to me, and now I am having my reward."

Lois kisses her mother tenderly. "I'm so glad you were patient with me, for now I know how to work and I love it. Agnes Martin is to be married next month, and she says she hates work and means never to do any. I wonder what kind of a house she'll have. She thinks her mother will live with her and work for her, as she always has done. But, mother, I'd be ashamed to do that. It seems to me the least a girl can do is to take the burden of her own life when she is married. I'd like to have you always with me, but I mean to work for you, to pay for what you've done for me."

VII
INCONSISTENCY *VERSUS*
CONSISTENCY
(THREE YEARS)

VII
INCONSISTENCY *VERSUS*
CONSISTENCY
(THREE YEARS)

No. 1

A GROUP of people are sitting under some apple trees. The ground is covered with apples. A little boy begins to pick them up and to eat them. The father, noticing this, cries out, "Stop eating those green apples, Ralph." The child pays no attention to the command.

"Stop eating those green apples, I say. They will make you sick. They are green and not fit to eat."

"But, papa, they are good."

"No, they are not, and you must not eat them. Now, mind me, or I will have to punish you."

After a time, observing that the child still continues to eat the apples, the father calls out: "If you will persist in eating those apples, Ralph,

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pick out those that are the ripest. Here, bring those to me and let me see them."

The child not obeying, the father rises and goes to him, takes an apple out of his hand and throws it away, picks up another and hands it to the child, saying, "This is a better one."

Then, taking out his knife, he peels several apples and gives them to the boy, who accepts and eats them without a word of comment from either.

A few minutes later the father observes the boy trying to climb a tree, and calls out: "Stop climbing that tree, you'll tear your clothes. You are always in some mischief."

The child persists in trying to climb up the trunk of the tree, which is too large for him to compass. After watching his futile efforts for a time and telling him to desist, the father at last says: "Well, if you are going to climb that tree anyway, why don't you take that box to stand on? Here, you bring the box and I'll give you a boost. There, now, you are up in the tree. See if you can't sit still on those lower branches."

The father returns to his conversation. The boy, instead of sitting still, climbs everywhere

Inconsistency versus Consistency

at the risk of limbs and clothes, and, in spite of warnings and scoldings, continues to climb until he wants to get down, when the father comes to his aid and sets him on the ground rather roughly, saying to his friends as he does so: "I never saw such a persistent little rascal. He always manages in some way to get what he wants." The child overhears the remark and smiles. It is not hard to foresee the result of such training — a persistently disobedient son, made so by the father's unwisdom, finally, perhaps, bringing disgrace to himself and sorrow to the father.

No. 2

As before, an orchard and the ground strewn with apples. A child begins to pick up the apples and bite them. Noting this, the father says: "Please bring me some of those apples. I want to see if they are ripe enough to eat."

The child obeys. The father examines the fruit, saying: "These are all too green to eat. I will see if I can find you a good one. Here, this is fairly good. I will peel it for you."

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After peeling a couple of apples for the child the father says: "That will do now. You must eat no more to-day. To-morrow we will see if we can find some good ones."

The child, seeing that the father is not exercising an arbitrary power of dictation but is seeking his best interests, yields readily to the command and seeks other pleasures. He soon begins to climb a big apple tree. The father, who is ever watchful, observes this and says: "Look at your coat, John; see how you have soiled it. It will never do to make extra labor for mamma in this way."

"But, papa, I want to get up in the tree. I won't tear my clothes."

"If I will help you up in the tree, will you sit quietly on those lower branches? I can't let you climb to-day. Another day when you have on your old clothes you shall climb, for I want you to learn to be a good climber. Are you willing just to sit up there?"

"Yes, papa."

The father helps him to his seat and returns to his friends.

Presently the boy calls out: "Can't I climb up

Inconsistency versus Consistency

just to those branches there? I won't tear my clothes."

The father looks up pleasantly, saying: "A bargain 's a bargain, is n't it? I kept my part of the agreement. If you can't keep yours, I will come and help you down. Business men keep a contract."

The boy laughs and sits still a while. Then he calls out, "I'm ready to come down, papa."

The father gives his assistance to the boy, who thanks him, saying, as he runs away, "I'll make a good business man, won't I?"

"He's such a dear little chap," says the father, as he rejoins his friends. "Full of mischief and life, but he knows I am his friend and that I forbid him nothing unless I think it is for his good. We have many jolly larks together, he and I, and he says we will be partners in business some day, and I think we will."

VIII
TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS
(FOUR YEARS)

VIII
TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS
(FOUR YEARS)

No. 1

CHRISTMAS was coming, and there was a great air of mystery about the house, but little Paul seemed to be shut out of everything. He could not go shopping with Aunt Esther any more, for he must not see what she was buying. Mamma, too, seemed to want to leave him at home when she went out, and that was quite unusual. Mamma and Aunt Esther had so many secret conferences together that it was very annoying. Whenever he went to their rooms he found the door shut and locked; or, if it was unfastened, he had no more than got it open wide enough to catch a tiny glimpse inside than some one called out sharply: "Run away, Paul, this minute. You must not come in here. If you are a naughty boy and go peeping about so,

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Santa Claus won't bring you any Christmas presents."

This hurt Paul's feelings, and he would go away and cry by himself. He was n't a naughty boy; he was n't peeping about. He only wanted to be where mamma and Aunt Esther were. He wanted a share in the fun that made them laugh so much when they were shut up together. He wanted to know what that wonderful thing might be that was to make some one so happy and some one's eyes shine and dance when he saw it. What could it be? And who was "he," anyway? Little Paul was only four, and could not be expected to understand all the mysteries of Christmas. He knew there was some one for whom they were preparing a great surprise, and he was n't in it. Poor little Paul!

Many and mysterious were the parcels that came to the house as Christmas drew nigh, but Paul was scarcely allowed to touch the tied-up bundles which disappeared so quickly after they came, much less permitted to open one. At the least manifestation of curiosity he was called "naughty," and threatened with being overlooked by Santa Claus on Christmas Day.

Two Christmas Days

"I don't care if I am," he declared one day, in a sullen fit at the wearisome threat. "He's a mean old fellow if he forgets a little boy that does n't have any fun anyhow."

You see, little Paul had no brothers or sisters, and so he had to depend on mamma and Aunt Esther for company. Usually they were very companionable, but now they were too busy to play with him, to read to him, or to tell him stories. When he complained, he was told to wait until after Christmas, they were too busy now. He felt that he'd be glad when Christmas was over. Still, there was the Christmas tree to look forward to. That would be fine. Maybe they would let him help put the pretty things on it.

Sometimes in his loneliness he would stand at the window, looking at the children going by in happy groups, chattering so merrily. He wished he could go with them, but mamma never would let him go out to play with other children.

There was one little boy just across the street. He knew his name — Philip. He had no brother or sister, either, and his mamma did not let him play in the street; but he seemed to be having lots of fun going out with different

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grown-up people and coming back carrying such lovely bunchy bundles.

Once Paul tapped on the window and beckoned little Philip to come across the street and visit him; but Philip shook his head smilingly, as he took the hand of his big uncle and trotted away.

One day mamma took Paul out shopping to buy the things he was to give to Aunt Esther and Uncle Rob and all the rest; but she did not let him look at the really pretty things, or buy the things he thought Aunt Esther or grandma would like. She made him buy grown-up books, cut-glass dishes, and such useless presents, instead of pretty books with bright-colored pictures, and splendid big sleds and engines, and lots of pink candy, and such practical things. Then mamma paid for all the purchases out of her pocketbook, and when he took his pennies and nickels out of his tiny purse to pay, she just laughed and told him he'd better keep his money. He did not feel that the gifts would come from him at all, — but it did n't matter. Santa Claus would bring them all lots of fine presents. He did n't see why he should pretend to give them anything, anyway.

Two Christmas Days

Two days before Christmas, Aunt Esther took little Paul to spend the day with grandma, and when they came back the parlor door was locked and kept locked all the time. The grown-up people had the key and went in and out as they pleased, but he was not even allowed to look in at the keyhole. Aunt Esther found him trying it, and she marched him upstairs by the arm, telling him that he never would see what was in that room if he did n't stop peeping.

"Is it the Christmas tree?" he asked.

"Little boys should n't ask questions," said Aunt Esther, "if they want Christmas trees. If they are too curious, Santa Claus will take the tree right up the chimney, and all the presents too."

Of course, after that there was nothing to do but to keep still.

The night before Christmas came at last. All day long mamma and the others had been flitting in and out of the parlor; but Paul, if caught hovering near, was unceremoniously pushed aside or sent off upstairs out of the way.

Late in the afternoon little Paul was dressed in his very best and told that after supper he

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should see something very fine if he did not soil his clothes before that time. So he wandered in loneliness about the house until supper, after which everybody seemed to be in a state of suppressed excitement, as Uncle Rob and Aunt Esther went into the parlor and shut the door. It seemed to Paul that they had been gone for years, when suddenly the doors flew open and every one rushed towards the parlor with "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" All but little Paul, who stood as if dazed by the glare and glitter of a myriad of tiny lights in the midst of a glittering greenness which seemed to him at first to be without meaning. At length he saw it was a splendid big Christmas tree, covered with little candles and shimmering wreaths of silvery and golden fluffiness, amidst which hung other shining objects.

"How do you like it, Paul?" "Is n't it fine?" "Why don't you say something?" cried the older people; and Paul awoke from his dazed condition to find every eye fixed on him, just as if it mattered what he thought.

Then they began to bring to him various parcels from the tree. He opened them to find wondrous gifts, and each presentation aroused the

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volley of questions: "Don't you like it?" "Why don't you say something?" until he was bewildered.

"I believe he does n't care a bit for all the nice things we bought him, nor for all the time and pains we took to get up the beautiful tree. I declare! It does n't pay to sacrifice yourself for children."

Little Paul looked on while Uncle Rob ran the marvellous train of cars which he had given the little fellow, but very soon after, when Paul was left to himself, he had nearly destroyed it in a search for the power that made it go, and was whipped for naughtiness.

He soon grew tired of the multitude of expensive gifts that had been showered upon him. By bedtime, he was unbearably cross and was carried to bed crying. He had spoken no word of thanks to those who had so enjoyed it, because he had formed no part of it save that of a looker-on.

After he had gone to bed, Uncle Rob and Aunt Esther, papa and mamma, grandma, and all the grown-ups agreed that it really was a thankless task trying to make children happy.

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No. 2

LITTLE Philip was very happy. Christmas was coming, and there were so many delightful things to do, so many momentous secrets to share with mother and Aunt Jessie.

Mother was helping the little fellow to make a pincushion for grandmother and a needle-case for Aunt Jessie. It took a long time, for there were many stitches to be taken, and small fingers work slowly. But it was a happy time, for he and mother sat and sewed together, and mother was always such an interesting companion. Then it was such fun to hurry and put the work away if they heard grandmother or Aunt Jessie coming upstairs; and such fun to try to look as if there were no mysterious goings on in mother's room.

Quite often he went to grandmother's for the afternoon, and while there he was busy making a book-mark for mother, and cutting dainty squares of brightly colored tissue paper to make a shaving-pad for father. Then there were many things to buy, and Uncle Dick was such a

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good one to go shopping with. He always knew where the really interesting things were, and spent no time looking foolishly at those that were of no practical account.

Uncle Dick knew the value of a steam-engine that would run on a real track, and was interested in jumping-jacks, tops, and all such items of real worth. They made a good many trips to a good many stores, just like the grown-up shoppers, that they might know what was in the market and just how much they should pay for things. It was Uncle Dick who went with him when he made his purchases; but Uncle Dick knew how to treat a little man who was engaged in such momentous business. He made suggestions, so that the dollar and eighty-four cents could be made to go a great way, but he did not dictate as to what should be bought, and when little Philip had made a decision, Uncle Dick always approved.

More than this, Uncle Dick thought it just the thing for him to carry his purchases home himself, instead of trusting them to the uncertain chances of a careless delivery man; hence the lovely bunchy bundles that awakened the envy

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of lonely little Paul, standing at the window across the street. At last it was Aunt Jessie who went with him to buy something for Uncle Dick. It took several trips to find just the right thing, but little Philip was very happy when it was at last found.

The happiest time of all was when little Philip went with father to buy the Christmas tree. Such a very critical purchaser was he! The tree must be very straight and tall and symmetrical, and it was difficult to find one perfect enough. However, one was found at last, sent home, and installed in the library two days before Christmas. How grand and beautiful it looked! And what fun it would be to put on it all the pretty things he had for it!

There was no question as to who should trim the tree, — the young men of the family, Philip and Uncle Dick, of course. It took nearly all day, and no one else was allowed to go into the room. It must be a surprise. Uncle Dick hung the ornaments on the higher branches, but to little Philip was entrusted all the lower boughs. At last everything was on but the angel with the trumpet, which they decided ought to go on the

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very top. With longing eyes Philip looked at the angel and at the top of the tree, but his longing was changed to ecstasy when Uncle Dick lifted the little chap in his arms and carried him to the top of the step-ladder, holding him very fast while he fixed the angel in its place.

"What lots of things Santa Claus has brought us this year!" said Philip, as he took a number of parcels from Aunt Jessie's hands at the door, not even letting her get a peep into the room, and putting them on the floor around the tree.

"Let me see," said Uncle Dick. "Santa Claus lives in Africa, does n't he, and drives a pair of ostriches?"

"Oh, Uncle Dick! don't you know about Santa Claus?"

"I thought I did, but maybe I have forgotten. You tell me about him, and I'll see if I remember the story."

"Santa Claus lives at the North Pole, and he rides in a sleigh filled with toys and drawn by reindeer. They ride over the world on Christmas Eve, above the roofs of the houses, and Santa goes down the chimneys and leaves presents in the stockings of good boys and girls."

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"That's a pretty big contract for one man, to go over the whole world in one night. I'm afraid that is n't a true story. No man could do that, now, could he, Philip? Honestly, as between man and man, you don't believe that yarn, do you?"

"Why, of course, Santa Claus is n't a real man, but he has a real meaning, mother says."

"What does he mean?"

"Why, Santa Claus means the Spirit of Love."

"Well, what does the Spirit of Love mean? I'm very stupid, you know." There was a twinkle in Uncle Dick's eye that did n't look at all as if he were stupid, and Philip enjoyed Uncle Dick's way.

"You know what it is to love?" said Philip.

Uncle Dick nodded.

"Well, you know, if you love people you want to give them things and be with them and make them happy. It is the Spirit of Love that makes you want to do this. On a Christmas night long ago, God so loved the world, mother says, that he gave to it the little child Jesus, and ever since then Christmas has been the children's day. People wanted to make children happy and to

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give them things, and they did n't always want the children to know who gave them the beautiful gifts, and so they called the Spirit of Love 'Santa Claus.' Mother says he comes from the North to show that love can make the coldest place lovely. He comes down the chimney, because love comes from above and makes our hearts glow like the fire; and he puts the presents into our stockings, because love looks after our needs, just as mother mends my clothes because she loves me. Mother has told me the story so many times that I almost know it by heart. Is n't it a lovely story? Whenever any one says, 'Santa Claus gave me this,' I think about this story of Santa Claus."

"It is a beautiful story," said Uncle Dick; and the shine in his eyes seemed dim, just as if his eyes were wet.

Now the tree was all trimmed. There would be two hours before supper and no one could see the tree until after that. Little Philip was tired, and very glad to follow mother's suggestion that he go and lie down and think about the tree and all its glories.

There was no question as to who was to be

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Master of Ceremonies. As soon as supper was over, Uncle Dick and Philip withdrew to the library and went through the solemn rite of lighting the candles. Little Philip lighted those on the lower branches, Uncle Dick keeping close at hand to prevent accident.

When all was done, Philip clasped his hands in one moment of silent ecstasy before the doors were opened. Then he and Uncle Dick drew back the doors, and with "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" the people came crowding in.

Was it not a beautiful tree? So straight and tall! And how it did shine and glitter and sparkle, and —

"Oh, mother, Uncle Dick let me put the angel on the tip-tip-tippest top of all."

When the company were quietly seated, Uncle Dick began handing to Philip the different gifts. He took them to the respective owners, and stood waiting in joyous expectancy until the parcel had been opened and admired by every one. Then, and not till then, would they pass on to the next gift.

When mother opened her bundle and found in it a miniature moulding-board and rolling-pin,

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she looked at her little son as if thinking there must have been a mistake.

He hastened to explain. "You see, mother, I thought it would be so lovely for you to keep me out of your way when I am helping you bake."

"Oh, yes, I see, dear. It was a lovely thought"; and she kissed the eager little face most tenderly.

"I knew you 'd like chocolates!" Philip exclaimed, as Aunt Jessie opened his gift to her, and he laughed as she recognized the fact that he too loved chocolates.

"And what am I to do with this?" asked father, holding up a bright china mug labelled "For a Good Boy."

"Why, father, you can drink out of it, you know, and then when we have company and they take my silver mug I thought — maybe — you 'd let me use yours." His voice faltered a little with the last words, for a momentary doubt had assailed him. Maybe father would not want him to use his beautiful mug.

"I'd be very careful of it," he added a little timidly.

"To be sure," assented father, heartily. "Just the thing. And I'll let you use it

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sometimes when we have n't company, " he added generously.

Philip's face flushed with delight as he slipped his hand for a moment into his father's.

Bedtime will come, even on Christmas Eve; but it was a happily tired little chap who climbed the stairs that night.

"Mother," he said, as he knelt to say his prayers, "is n't Christmas the beautifulest, beautifullest day of all the year? I want to thank God for Santa Claus."

IX

THE LESSON OF TWO LOST CHILDREN

(FOUR YEARS)

IX
THE LESSON OF TWO LOST CHILDREN
(FOUR YEARS)

No. 1

THE day was bright and fair. The big steamer was several hours out and the passengers were enjoying themselves, when suddenly a rumor passing from one to another put a stop to all pleasant sociability.

“A child missing. A little girl four years old with blue eyes and fair hair. She was last seen in the cabin by the parents an hour ago.”

Immediately every one was on the alert. The child could not be missing on a big steamer and be absolutely lost unless it had fallen overboard. What was that white thing out there in the blue waters? What did that splash mean a few minutes ago? And so the excitement increased, and an anxious man and an hysterical woman went up and down asking everybody,

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"Have you seen a little girl?" The answer was always in the negative, until a sailor replied that he had seen the child a half-hour previous going with a man into the steerage, where, he said, a revival service was being held. Possibly she might be there. The mother shuddered at the thought of her darling being mingled with the dreadful creatures in the steerage, while the father lost no time in descending the stairway leading thither. The sound of the preacher's voice showed him the direction in which to go, and at length he came upon a room in which were seated a number of the steerage passengers, being addressed by a man in ministerial garb. Looking in, the father saw, on one of the front seats, his little daughter sitting on the knee of a strange man. Regardless of the fact that it was a religious service, the father spoke aloud as soon as he entered the room:

"Come here this minute, Helen. You were a very naughty little girl to run away in this manner, and your mother will give you a good whipping when she gets hold of you, I can tell you. Come here to me, I say."

The preacher, disturbed by this harangue,

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paused in his sermon, saying mildly but reprovingly, "My dear sir, don't you see that you are interrupting our meeting?"

"I don't care if I am. I have a right to interrupt it. Here we have been looking for this child for the last hour and thought she had fallen overboard. What right had you," he continued, turning to the man on whose knee the little girl sat, "to take this child away without her parents' knowledge? I'll let you know, sir, that you are no gentleman —"

Cries of "Shame, shame," rose from the passengers, but, giving them no heed save to desist in his tirade, the angry father seized his little daughter by the arm and dragged her, crying and pleading, from the room. Along the passage and up the stairs he continued his scolding until he reached the weeping mother, who was wringing her hands and begging that some one would find her lost darling, "the dearest, sweetest child in the whole world."

Catching sight of the little girl as she came up the steps, pushed onward by the still grumbling father, the mother's tune suddenly changed

"Oh, there you are, you little runaway!

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Where have you been, frightening us all to death in this way? You deserve a good whipping, and you 'll get it, too, when I get hold of you. There never was such a troublesome little nuisance, always into some sort of mischief. What did you run away and get lost for?" she continued, giving the little girl a sound box on the ear as she spoke.

"I did n't run away, mother, and I was n't lost. I was with the man all the time."

"Well, we did n't know where you were, and we don't know him."

"He is a very nice man, mother. He gave me some candy."

"That does n't prove that he is nice. He just meant to coax you off and shut you up in a black hole in the ground. And then he would have cut off your ears, too, and maybe would have sold you to an ugly black man who would have put you in a big bag and thrown you in the river —"

Frightened by the dreadful picture, the child burst into a paroxysm of tears which increased as the scolding continued, until the mother, quite frightened by the storm she had raised,

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began to try to quiet her daughter by kisses and promises of candy, saying soothingly: "Mother did n't mean to scare you so. There won't be any black man get you as long as you stay close to mother. Come, now, be good. Let's see what we can find in mother's bag for you. Don't cry any more. that's mother's darling. Mother will buy you a pretty dolly when we get home." So the promises were continued, until the child dried her tears, thinking that running away paid pretty well after all.

No. 2

THE pleasant sociability of the passengers on one of the Great Lake steamers was disturbed by the rumor that a child was missing. An anxious father and mother were going hurriedly from group to group, inquiring if any one had seen a little girl about four years old with blue eyes, long braids of hair, pink dress, etc.

"The one that used to sing so nicely?" asked the sailor who overheard the inquiry.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Oh, I saw her going with one of the

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passengers towards the steerage, and I should not wonder if she is there now. They are having some kind of a meeting down there."

Hastily the father and mother together found their way to the steerage, and, looking into the room, saw a man in the dress of a minister, standing facing the small but attentive audience to which he was preaching. In the front row they saw their little girl sitting on the knee of a strange gentleman.

"She is perfectly safe," whispered the father to his wife. "You go upstairs to our stateroom and rest. I will bring her up presently."

Stepping quietly across the room, so as not to disturb the minister, the father took an empty seat beside the strange gentleman who was holding the little girl upon his knee. The child, looking up, saw her father, and, quickly slipping from the arms that held her, in a moment was in the father's lap, with her head resting quietly against his shoulder, while they both respectfully listened to the speaker. At the close of the service Mr. Mather spoke to the strange gentleman, saying: "You have given us quite a fright by taking our little girl without our knowledge."

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"Oh, I am very sorry," said the strange man, "I had no intention of giving you any uneasiness."

Without further words Mr. Mather carried his little daughter to the stateroom, where the mother was lying down, resting after her anxiety. She welcomed the little girl joyfully but quietly, and asked her to lie down on the bed beside her.

"We have been very anxious about you, my dear," she said. "I am sure you did not mean to give us so much trouble."

"Trouble?" replied the child; "why, how did I give you trouble?"

"We thought you were lost."

"Why, mother, I was n't lost. I could not be. I was with that strange gentleman all the time."

"Yes, dear, but we did n't know that, and if we had known it, we should not have been certain that you were safe, because we did not know him."

"Well, mother, he is a very nice man. He gave me some candy."

"No doubt he is a very nice man, but I would much rather you would not take candy from strangers, for all strangers are not to be trusted."

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Let mother tell you a true story. A good many years ago a little boy named Charlie Ross was playing in the street in front of his father's house, when a strange man came up to him, gave him some candy, and invited him to take a ride. Of course, he thought so kind a gentleman must be a nice man; so he accepted the candy and the invitation and went away with his new friend. He never came back. Charlie Ross's father sought for him everywhere, and the newspapers told us all about the story of the little boy who disappeared from his home. Mr. Ross offered a great deal of money for the return of his son, but without success; and so little Charlie Ross was lost and was never found, just because he trusted a nice-appearing man who gave him candy. Now, father and mother are willing to give you all the candy you need, and we are very anxious to take good care of you, but you must learn something about taking care of yourself. When you meet strangers on the street, or when you are travelling, or at any time when you are away from father and mother, and they offer you candy, I would rather you would say, 'No, thank you,' and come where I am

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quickly, for just think how sad would be our home if our little daughter were taken away."

"I will never go with any strange man again, mother dear. I shall always think of Charlie Ross and come to you just as quick as I can."

"But suppose that some day you should really find yourself lost in the streets, what would you do?"

"Oh, I know, mother," said the little girl, sitting up, with eyes shining, and glibly repeating her previously learned lesson. "I'd go to a policeman and ask him to take me home. I'd say, 'My name is Alice Jeanette Mather. I live at Forty-four Bank Street. My father's name is James Mather, and he has a hardware store at Ninety-eight Main Street.'"

"That's good. But if you could n't see any policeman, what would you do?"

"I would n't ask any man on the street. I'd go into a store and ask one of the clerks to take care of me while they sent word to my father where I was. And I'd stay there and wait until father or you came after me."

"That would be the right thing to do. But now you must add a little to your lesson. Repeat

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after mother, 'I will never go away anywhere with a strange man or woman, not even if I am offered candy or other nice things. I will always ask father or mother before I go anywhere or with anybody, for I am a little girl and do not know where it is safe for me to go.'"

After the little girl had said over her new lesson until she could repeat it perfectly, the mother said, "I am glad I have a little daughter whom I can trust to do just as she has promised."

"Why, of course," said the child, looking up into her mother's face with clear, trustful eyes, "we always keep our promises."

X

TURMOIL OR QUIET: A CONTRAST
(FOUR YEARS)

X

TURMOIL OR QUIET: A CONTRAST (FOUR YEARS)

No. 1

MRS. BRIDGES was getting breakfast. She looked weary and discontented. Her hair was uncombed, her dress untidy, her voice fretful.

"Oh dear," she sighed, "there's that baby crying again. I did hope she would sleep until after breakfast. "What do you want?" she asked sharply, as the figure of a little boy, clad in his night-clothes, appeared in the doorway. "Go back to bed immediately, and see if you can't amuse the baby a few minutes while I get your breakfast."

"I want my breakfast now," asserted the child. "I'm hungry."

"You're not hungry one bit," declared the mother; but, as the boy came into the kitchen,

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took an apple from the table, and began eating it, she continued, "Well, take the apple and go and rock the baby. Go, I tell you"; and she made a threatening motion with her hand towards the child. He dodged the hand, and, running around her, seized a cookie from the table and began eating that also.

"You little rascal!" cried the mother, half laughing at the boy's "smartness," as she mentally called it. "Now, you clear out of here, quick, and go to your sister, but don't give her any apple," she called, as he ran out of the room, — but not to the baby, as commanded. The fretful cries of the little one grew louder and more insistent, until Mrs. Bridges could stand it no longer, and, taking up the child from its reeking crib, she wrapped it in a shawl, and continued her breakfast-getting, carrying it on one arm.

"Breakfast is ready," she called, as she placed the last dish upon the table. "Where 's Harry?" she added, as Mr. Bridges appeared in the dining-room, giving the last touch to his necktie.

"He was out at the front gate the last I saw of him," answered the father.

Turmoil or Quiet: A Contrast

Baby on arm, Mrs. Bridges rushed to the door and called, "Harry! Harry!" in tones loud enough to reach the little chap, who, with apple and cookie, had wandered to the street corner.

"Come here at once, you little nuisance!" she continued in the same shrill tones, "your breakfast is ready." As he evinced no haste to obey her command, she added: "I see a policeman coming. He 'll catch you and take you to jail if you don't come."

Harry cast a frightened glance behind him and ran with speed to his mother. She grasped him by an arm as soon as he came within reach, and, dragging him into the dining-room, raised him by one arm to a seat in the high-chair and gave him a final shake, saying: "How often have I told you not to go in the street before you are dressed! Some of these days the policeman will carry you off, and he 'll never bring you back."

Harry was safe under his father's protection now, and the threat did not frighten him. He began to clamor for breakfast and to reach after the things that were within the length of his arm.

"George, do help that child," cried Mrs.

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Bridges; "you don't care for any one but yourself."

"I've only ten minutes to finish my breakfast in," replied Mr. Bridges. "I've no time to bother with young 'uns; that's your business."

A shake and a slap from the mother settled the child in his chair, but his vociferations continued.

"Gimme some meat and 'tato; and I want some coffee, an' pancakes, an' pickles, and — and —" He glanced around to see if he had omitted anything.

"You can't have any coffee," said the mother, as she piled his plate with food.

"Yes, I can! I will!" And the child began to scream.

"Well, here, keep still!" And she poured some of the coffee from her cup into that of the child, adding milk to quiet her conscience. Harry drained the cup at one draught and held it out for more.

"You can't have any more — until you have eaten your meat and potato," she added hastily, seeing signs of rebellion. Harry began to stuff the food into his mouth with his hands, while Mrs. Bridges began her own belated breakfast.

Turmoil or Quiet: A Contrast

The baby, however, became clamorous, and was fed with bits from the mother's plate and sips of coffee from her cup. Meanwhile Harry, having satisfied his appetite and received another cup of milk and coffee, had begun to pour it out on his plate and into his tray, dabbling in it with his fingers. When the mother became aware of his occupation, she sprang upon him, jerked the cup from his hands and him from his chair, and setting him down roughly upon the floor, gave him a parting shake, and, with the baby still on her arm, began clearing the table, while Harry ran out of doors.

"Don't go outside the yard," the mother called after him.

A half-hour later, when Mrs. Bridges was ready to dress the boy, she found him sitting on the sidewalk, paddling his bare feet in the gutter. A jerk brought him to his feet on the sidewalk, and, loudly rebelling, he was pulled into the house, where his hands and face were washed roughly, his hair carelessly brushed, and his clothes hastily put on him, for the baby was again demanding attention.

"Now stay in the yard, as I tell you, or I'll

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whip you within an inch of your life. Do you hear?" she called after the boy. But he gave no evidence of hearing, and, with a sigh, Mrs. Bridges turned to the care of the baby. Although it was not half an hour since the infant had shared in the mother's breakfast, she was again nursed, while the frown gradually cleared a little from Mrs. Bridges' face, and, with something like joy in her task, she looked down upon the baby in her arms. After all, there was really no time to waste in mere enjoyment. She must get her work done. So with haste the baby was washed and dressed and again nursed to sleep.

Then Mrs. Bridges gathered up from the bedroom floor the napkins which had accumulated during the early morning hours and which filled the room with a dreadful ammoniacal odor. These she hung upon a rack to dry, to be used again, and hurriedly made up the bed, closed the window, and drew down the shades, leaving the baby sleeping in a room outwardly neat, but actually foul with poisonous exhalations. Then, during the moments of quietness that followed, she washed her breakfast dishes.

"I suppose that boy is out in the gutter again,"

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she said to herself, "but I won't bother about that as long as he is n't troubling me. It will be time enough to find him there when I have a chance to change his clothes and punish him good."

When the work was done, she went for Harry. He was not in the gutter, but across the street, talking with Mrs. Hall and evidently admiring her baby. So Mrs. Bridges let him stay without any protest from her.

"I don't see," she said to herself, "how Mrs. Hall gets time to sit down in the yard this time in the morning. One thing is sure: her children are not as troublesome as mine." And Mrs. Bridges returned to her work, thankful that Harry was not in mischief.

The baby was now awake and must be taken up and nursed; but this time she would not go to sleep again, although the mother brought the cradle into the kitchen, where she could jog it with her foot as she passed to and fro.

At length she was forced to cook the dinner with the baby on her arm, while Harry, returned from his visit, clung to her skirts and begged for a "piece."

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"You're not hungry one bit. You can't have anything till dinner is ready."

"I want some bread."

"Well, if you will eat bread, I guess you are hungry." And the bread was given.

"Butter," demanded the child, and butter was added.

"Sugar," was the next order.

"You can't have any sugar. You can just eat it as it is or go without."

"Sugar! Sugar!" insisted Harry.

"Oh, well, then, here, take some sugar, and do let me have a moment's peace."

Twice, while getting the dinner, Mrs. Bridges tried to quiet the cries of the infant with the breast, but to no avail, and the wails were in loud evidence when Mr. Bridges came in at noon.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "It seems to me this child cries most of the time."

"You'd think so if you had her to take care of," answered his wife. "Here, you take her, and see if you can get her quiet while I put the dinner on the table."

Held in the strong arms and carried into the open air, the baby grew quite still; and the father

Turmoil or Quiet: A Contrast

remarked complacently as he came in, in response to the call to dinner, and placed the child in the mother's arm:

"You see, if you 'd carry her out of doors, as I do, she 'd get still."

"H'm!" sniffed Mrs. Bridges, contemptuously. "Much carrying out of doors she 'd get if you were in my place. I have n't even had time to comb my hair, much less go gallivanting outdoors with a baby. Now, Harry, stop making that noise with your chair. George, can't you put that boy up to the table and give him something to eat?"

Mr. Bridges complied, and then the parents seated themselves, but not to a quiet meal. Harry was vociferously insistent, Mr. Bridges sarcastically critical, Mrs. Bridges naggingly responsive, the baby fretfully uneasy. It was no wonder that, after her husband had left, Mrs. Bridges should say to herself with sobs:

"Girls think it a mighty fine thing to get married; but if they could see what is before them, I guess some of them would hesitate a good while."

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No. 2

MRS. HALL was getting breakfast. Her dress was tidy, her hair neatly combed, her face had a happy expression, and she hummed a cheerful song as she stepped briskly about the neat kitchen.

A patter of little feet was heard, and a small boy came running in with a smile on his bright face, as he exclaimed :

"Oh, mamma, I pretty near, almost dressed myself alone. Papa gave me my bath, and brushed my hair, and helped me put on my clothes, and fastened them up; and I did *all the rest* myself!"

"You darling!" exclaimed the mother, as she stooped to give the child a kiss. "You and papa are great fellows, are n't you?"

"Yes, ma'am; we 're men, you know. Is breakfast ready?"

A hearty masculine laugh greeted this question, as Mr. Hall made his appearance.

"Your question certainly justifies your declaration of manhood," he said. "'We 're men.

Turmoil or Quiet: A Contrast

Is breakfast ready?' What could be more logical?"

"Breakfast is ready, all but putting it on the table," said Mrs. Hall, laughing. "Perhaps you men will help in that."

"Indeed, we will." And Mr. Hall took the dishes his wife handed him, while little Herbert put the chairs around the table "quietly, so as not to waken sister."

The meal was a pleasant one. The little boy ate his simple fare, making no demands for other foods which he knew were not allowed him. He was polite in manner, and evidently felt that he was a part of the family; for he took part in the conversation in a perfectly childlike way, but at the same time with a certain gravity that was quaintly attractive.

"I am sorry I have to rush off," said Mr. Hall, "but I've only ten minutes in which to get to business. Don't work too hard, little woman," he added, as he kissed his wife good-bye. "Good-bye, little man."

Herbert wiped his mouth for a kiss, and laughed roguishly as he called after his father, "Good-bye, papa, be good to you'self."

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"Good-bye, son, be good to mamma," was the response.

"Now, Herbert dear, we must get our work done before sister wakes up."

"All right, mamma." And the child put the chairs back in place, and began gathering up the silver on a small tray. Then he put away the napkins and other unbreakable articles, and, after that, wiped all the things mamma entrusted to his care.

"Sister is awake," he called out at length. "I hear her coo."

"So do I; and now, dear, you get the little bathtub and all the things, and we'll soon have her up and dressed."

Taking the smiling baby from her cradle, Mrs. Hall set her on her nursery chair while she gathered the little garments together and prepared for the bath.

During its progress Herbert stood by, a most helpful attendant, chatting volubly the while. After the bath, baby was left for brother to amuse for a few minutes while mamma cleared away the tub and other disorder. Then, taking the baby, she sat down and gave herself and the little one

Turmoil or Quiet: A Contrast

the enjoyment of a leisurely nursing, deriving from it as much satisfaction as did the child. This done, baby was put into her perambulator and taken out into the sweet, pure air, while Mrs. Hall, after opening her bedroom to the full rays of the sun, took her mending and went out to sit with her children. Herbert drew the baby cab back and forth and pranced around generally. Baby cooed and talked at first, but, after a time, sank to sleep and was placed comfortably on her pillows, while the cab was drawn into deeper shade and covered with a net to keep flies and other intruders away.

Dinner was ready, Mr. Hall had come, and still she slept. He peeped into the cab, and kissed a dimpled hand that lay temptingly near.

"Dear little one!" he whispered, and then aloud to his wife: "Does she sleep *all* the time? It seems that I have little chance to get acquainted with her."

"You have nearly as much as I," smiled the wife. "She sleeps a good deal, and when she 's awake, I leave her alone to get acquainted with the world in her own way."

"Wise little mother!" said Mr. Hall, fondly.

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Like the breakfast, the dinner-time was pleasant, undisturbed by any clamor from the little boy, who ate what was given him, seeming to be perfectly satisfied therewith. After dinner, baby waked, and had her noon meal also.

XI
TWO MOTHERS SHOPPING
(FOUR YEARS)

XI
TWO MOTHERS SHOPPING
(FOUR YEARS)

No. 1

IT was about half-past two when Mrs. Burton's mother called.

"Oh, I am so glad you 've come, for I want to do some s-h-o-p-p-i-n-g," she spelled, with a significant glance toward Howard. "You can stay an hour, can't you?"

"Just as well as not," replied Mrs. Graham. "You won't be gone long, I suppose?"

"Sh-sh," with another glance toward Howard. "No longer than I have to, you may be sure."

"Where are you going, mamma?" cried Howard.

"Nowhere," replied Mrs. Burton, warning her mother with eye and head-shake not to betray her. "You come now, Howard, and take your nap."

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"I don't want any nap. I want to go with you."

"I tell you, I'm not going anywhere.

"Here," whispering to her mother, "you take Howard into the kitchen and give him an apple. I have my hat and jacket in the front room, and can slip away without his knowing it."

Mrs. Graham nodded understandingly, and then inquired, "What shall I do if the baby cries?"

"Oh, there's milk in the refrigerator, and you can make her a sugar comforter. That usually quiets her. Now, Howard, go into the kitchen with grandma. She wants to give you an apple."

Howard obeyed, and Mrs. Burton congratulated herself on the success of her ruse; but before she had succeeded in placing her hat-pins in position, Howard was by her side, crying, "I want to go, too, mamma; take me."

"Oh dear, I thought I was rid of you! Well, I suppose you've made up your mind to go, so I may as well give in. Come along, then, but you'll have to put down that apple."

Eager to go, the child laid the apple on a chair, suffered his face to be washed without protest,

Two Mothers Shopping

and was soon trotting by his mother's side, chatting joyously. But the afternoon did not prove wholly delightful. He did not walk fast enough, and so had to be jerked along. He could not jump over the gutters, and had to be lifted across by one arm. He was held fast by the hand, with his nose close up to the dreary dress-goods counter, hidden smotheringly away in the skirts of a crowd of women shoppers. His mother would not buy the toys he wanted, and slapped him when he demanded them. Altogether, the trip was a disappointment, only mitigated by the bag of bonbons from which he smeared his face and fingers and made himself a being avoided by all who desired not to have him become personally adherent to themselves.

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Burton hurried pantingly into her home, for the cries of the baby had reached her even in the street, as she drew near.

"Oh dear, has she cried all the time?"

"Pretty nearly all the time," responded Mrs. Graham, who was walking the floor, tossing the wailing child from side to side in a vain effort to still its noise. "I fed her milk, and I made her

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some panada and some catnip tea, but nothing did her any good. She must have colic. See how she draws up her feet. If I could have found the paregoric or some whiskey, I could have got her still."

"Here, give her to me," panted the mother, not stopping to take off her hat. She was heated with fast walking, worried by her anxiety, but she did not hesitate on that account. Hastily she gave the breast to the baby, who seized it with apparent avidity.

"See there! she is 'most starved," asserted Mrs. Burton. For a few moments it seemed as if this might quiet her, but such was not the case. The cries were soon resumed with increased violence. In vain did the mother jolt the baby, turn it on its face across her trotting knee, and pat it on its back. At last, wearied and discouraged, a dose of paregoric was administered, and the little one sank into an unconscious state and was tucked into its cradle by the worried mother, who now hurried to get supper. She made an effort to put Howard to bed before supper, but in vain. The child struggled and kicked and screamed. He rolled all over the floor

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in his efforts to avoid being put into his night-dress.

"I want my supper! I want my supper!" he cried at the top of his voice, and was only pacified when the mother assured him he need not go to bed, but could have his supper. Seated at the table, he demanded every article of food in sight, ate a little, mused a good deal, and at length went to sleep, nodding over his plate and holding his mug tightly grasped in one hand and his fork in the other.

A quiet remainder of the meal was thus assured to the parents, but the little boy, awaking as he was lifted from his chair, insisted on completing his meal. After this he had a fine romp with his father, and was most thoroughly awake and nervously noisy when his parents desired to go to bed, knowing that in all probability the baby would waken just as they were about to go to sleep.

"I would n't care so much about the daytime if I could only sleep at night," sighed the weary mother. "In all probability Howard will have croup, or want a drink several times, and the baby will tug at me all night if she does n't cry

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so that I have to walk the floor with her an hour or two. I declare, I don't see how mothers of large families ever live to see their children grow up. If I do, you may be sure I'll be thankful."

No. 2

It was nearly half-past two when Mrs. Wilson's mother came in.

"Oh, I am so glad you 've come," said Mrs. Wilson. "I want to do some shopping this afternoon. Can you stay a couple of hours?"

"Just as well as not," replied Mrs. Lane, taking off her hat.

"Can I go with you, mamma?" asked Herbert.

"Not to-day, dear. I shall have to hurry, and you would not find it pleasant. You must take your nap now, and when you wake up, grandma will be here to play with you."

Herbert and grandma smiled at each other in a very "chummy" way, and then he followed his mamma into the bedroom. Face and hands were washed, shoes and soiled outer garments removed, and then by the aid of a chair the little

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boy climbed upon the bed and laid himself down to sleep.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, as she stooped to kiss him. "Have a good time!" he added, in the words with which she was wont to send him off on some little jaunt.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilson, "I'll nurse the baby, and she won't trouble you till I get back."

"What shall I do if she cries? Shall I feed her?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, with emphasis. "She will not cry, or, if she does, it will not be from hunger. See if anything is hurting her; if not, give her a drink of water.

"There, my lady," as she deposited the baby in a quilt on the floor, "not a word from you now, while mamma is gone. Do you hear?" Baby crowed, and kicked, and flashed her little hands in response, and seemed to promise to be good. She saw mamma put on her hat, but she made no whimper. She knew that if mamma wanted to take her she would be informed.

It was half-past five when Mrs. Wilson returned. Herbert and grandma were playing grocery-store very harmoniously.

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"Where 's baby?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, she went to sleep on the floor, and I laid her on the bed, where it was darker and more quiet. I have n't heard a sound from her since."

"And the little man has been good?"

"As good as pie."

"Well, now he can have some supper." And Mrs. Wilson set a small table for the child, adding to his usual simple fare an orange she had brought.

"Oh, you thought of me, didn't you, mamma?" he asked, delightedly. "You are such a good mamma."

As Mr. Wilson could not leave his business till six, the supper-hour was half-past. It was the baby's supper-time, too; but Mrs. Wilson was trying to lengthen the intervals between baby's meals, so Herbert was delegated to amuse her while the parents ate and chatted over the events of the day.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilson, "you can get acquainted with your daughter while I wash the dishes."

"I'd rather get acquainted with my daughter's mamma, so I'll help you." And so the

Two Mothers Shopping

pleasant chat continued, Mr. Wilson wielding the wiping towel nearly as deftly as his wife the dish-cloth.

Then, with his arm around his wife, he took her into the sitting-room and seated her in an easy-chair, while he took the baby in his arms. Herbert climbed on the father's knee, and, for a happy space, the tired business man forgot all care. Then mamma intervened.

"Kiss papa good-night, Herbert." There was no demur at this command. The good-night kiss was given, and the little boy taken away and tucked into bed with many kisses, a quiet little chat, and a story. Then baby was prepared for the night, the father being the attendant and admiring the rounded limbs and dimpled shoulders. The night-robing accomplished, baby was laid away, still awake and crooning softly to herself in the dark until she fell asleep.

A quiet, happy evening now ensued, Mr. Wilson reading aloud while his wife sewed. The reading gradually changed into a quiet talk.

"What a rest a man's home and family are to him after all the worries of the day!" remarked Mr. Wilson, as his wife folded her sewing.

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"And what a tower of strength and encouragement a man is to his family!" responded Mrs. Wilson, as she laid her arm around his shoulders and looked smilingly into his eyes.

It was now nearly ten o'clock. Baby must have her last meal, and was scarcely wakened by the process.

"Now, not another word from you till six o'clock to-morrow morning," said the mother, as she laid the sleeping child back into her cradle-nest and gave her a fond kiss.

Mr. Wilson was standing looking at the little boy as he lay in a restful slumber, and Mrs. Wilson went and stood by his side.

"What a comfort children are!" she said, pushing the tumbled curls from the boy's forehead.

"Some children," said her husband, smiling.

"Well, all children should be a comfort," assented Mrs. Wilson.

"And doubtless would be if all had as wise mothers as mine have."

"I think the fathers have something to do with it," replied Mrs. Wilson.

XII
REGARDING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS
(FIVE YEARS)

XII
REGARDING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS
(FIVE YEARS)

No. 1

“**O**H, mamma, give me an apple. Do, do !
They are so lovely.”

Without a glance at the bright little pleading face, Mrs. Grey abruptly answered the request.

“You know very well that you can’t have one. The doctor said fruit was the worst thing in the world for you, so what’s the use of teasing?”

“But, mamma, these apples are so ripe they won’t hurt me, I am sure.”

“Oh, yes, you know a lot about it, don’t you ? Well, you heard what I said ; you can’t have one, so that ends it.”

Little Hubert set up a pitiful wail. “It’s just too mean of that old doctor, and I’m just going to have one anyway.”

“Don’t you touch one of those apples,” spoke

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up the mother, in a most peremptory manner; "if you do, I'll whip you."

Harry's reply to this threat was to throw himself down and beat his head on the floor, a proceeding he had usually found most effective. At the first bump of the little head on the hard floor Mrs. Grey changed her tactics. She was afraid the child would hurt himself; so she said, coaxingly: "Come, now, Harry, you want to be mamma's little man, I know. Don't do that. Be a brave boy and forget all about the apple."

"I can't forget," wailed the child. "I want an apple." And the bumping was resumed harder than before. He evidently saw that it was beginning to take effect upon his mother. Again a change of tactics on her part.

"Come, my darling, mother's pet. Come, now, jump up and we will go and see the kittens. Come, now, that's a darling."

"I don't want to see the kittens. I want an apple." And this time the bump was accompanied by a cry so prolonged that the child grew black in the face, and the frightened mother hastened to yield, though with still a little show of superiority.

Regarding the Doctor's Orders

"Well, now, see here. Just once, — just this once, — I will give you a piece of an apple. Only a small piece, and, mind you, it will be useless to tease for any more. I'm not going to have you sick on my hands again."

"I don't want a piece, I want a whole apple," and preparations were made for a resumption of the screams and pounding. The child saw that he was near to victory.

"Well, here, take an apple," said the mother, impatiently. "Take two of them, take all there are. I don't care if they do make you sick, you need not expect me to take care of you. I shall be glad to see you suffer."

Hubert rose from the floor, and, with an apple in each hand, went out of the room eating, apparently undisturbed by the prospect of retribution in the form of pain and loss of mother-care. If he thought of it at all, he felt sure that mother would not neglect him if he were ill, no matter how she might threaten.

"I declare," said Mrs. Grey, as the boy disappeared, "I don't know what I shall do with that child. He's too smart for me."

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No. 2

"MOTHER dear, may n't I have a peach? They are so lovely."

With an intense appreciation of the child's longing for the beautiful fruit and a heartfelt wish that she might consistently gratify it, Mrs. Hale looked sympathetically down into the upturned face of the little pleader. Before replying, she sat down and took the little girl upon her knee with a gentle caressing touch upon her soft hair.

"You remember, dear," she said at length, "that you have been very sick, and the doctor says that at present you should eat no fruit."

"But, mother, he surely did not mean such lovely peaches. They won't hurt me, I know."

Mrs. Hale smiled at the eagerness of the inexperienced child, but she did not criticise it. She only said:

"It seems to me, dear, that the doctor knows better than we do, and that we ought to obey him. You know nothing would give mother more pleasure than to give you what you want —"

Regarding the Doctor's Orders

A little impatient cry broke in upon her words, and made her realize that they were of little comfort to the child who could only feel her own desires. How could she change those desires to harmonize with the doctor's orders? After a slight pause she began:

"You often tell me, dear, what you are going to do with your little girl. Now, suppose you had a little girl, and she had been very, very sick, and you had watched over her many weary days and nights, and thought sometimes she would never get well, and suppose you had called in a doctor to tell you how better to take care of her, and you had had to pay the doctor a great deal of money for his advice, and suppose that when your little girl began to get well, the doctor had said she should eat no fruit for a time, what would you think you ought to do, — obey the doctor or obey your little girl?"

Jessie nestled her head closer to her mother, as she replied, "I know what I ought to say, but I don't want to say it, for I want the peaches, and I know just how bad my little girl would want them too."

"Yes; so now you know just how I feel. I

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want to mind the doctor so as to be sure that you will not get sick again."

"But all the rest of the folks will have them, mother, and —" She hid her face on her mother's shoulder, and Mrs. Hale felt the little form shake with her suppressed crying. The mother's eyes filled, and yet, while her heart pleaded, her judgment remained undisturbed.

As she held the child more closely to her, an inspiration came.

"Dearie," she said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't eat any peaches until the doctor says you may have some. You and I will go without together."

"No, mother," said the child, "I don't want you to do without 'cause I have to. I'll be good —" But again she hid her face.

Another inspiration. "Let's play that I'm your little girl," said the mother, "and that I have been very sick, and the doctor says I can have no fruit, and so you say you won't eat any till the doctor says I may. Won't that be a fine play?"

Jessie lifted her smiling face. She was the one who could be generous in this game. Yes, it would be fine.

Regarding the Doctor's Orders

"All right," she responded enthusiastically, "we 'll play that you 're my little girl, your name is Nellie. Now, Nellie dear," she said, assuming the maternal manner, "the doctor says you can't have any fruit; so I am going to put these peaches out of sight, and you and I won't eat any fruit until the doctor says you may."

With a very dignified air she placed the peaches in the sideboard, shut the door, and said, "Now, Nellie dear, we are going to be very good and mind the doctor, are n't we?"

"Yes, mother, we are," heartily responded the "play" little daughter, and during the weeks that followed before the doctor's prohibition was removed, Jessie held her make-believe child strictly to the prescribed regimen.

XIII
STRIFE OR HARMONY
(FIVE YEARS)

XIII

STRIFE OR HARMONY

(FIVE YEARS)

No. 1

MR. HARRIS came home from business very weary. It had been a hard day, and he longed for his home as a place of quiet and rest. It was with a great sigh of relief that he settled himself in his easy-chair and opened his evening paper. What a heaven a home is after a day of toil ! In the farther corner of the sitting-room his five-year-old boy, Elmer, was running a train of cars. He was just in the full tide of traffic, but he had no intention of interfering with his father's comfort. Every one knows that a train of cars cannot be run in absolute silence. Whistles must be blown, bells must be rung, shovel engineers and poker firemen are noisy fellows in coal-scuttle engines. Then stations must be called, freight unloaded and loaded, orders must be given to

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the engineer through the whistles, "One to stop, two to start, three to back up, and four to switch off."

Mr. Harris was a kind father, but on this tired evening he did not altogether sympathize with Elmer's business.

"Make less noise there, young man," he shouted when a collision occurred, an engine overturned, and the fireman and the engineer mortally wounded. Elmer wanted to obey, but what is a man to do when business is so urgent? What does papa himself do? He ought to know that business must be attended to; and, after a few moments of comparative silence, traffic resumed its sway and the clamor increased.

"Young man, I tell you to make less noise," shouted the father, "and if you don't you will go to bed immediately. I cannot hear myself think."

Elmer did not really see any need of papa's hearing himself think and he did not exactly understand what making less noise meant, but he was not quite ready to go to bed and he understood that threat; so for a time the train ran more quietly. Soon again the demands of

Strife or Harmony

traffic caused a good deal of bell-ringing and whistle-blowing, and then, right in the midst of it, Elmer felt himself lifted from the floor and carried off toward the regions of bed. Of course, he kicked and screamed. What man would not under the circumstances? But the only result was a box on the ear and the harsh command to keep quiet.

Mrs. Harris appeared at the head of the stairs, and to her the screaming boy was handed with the words:

"Here, take this youngster. It's a pity if a man cannot have a little rest in his own house."

And back to his easy-chair he went, through the hall still resounding with the cries of rebellion against injustice. There was silence in the sitting-room; the overturned engine lay quietly on its side, the injured fireman and engineer were as still as if mortally wounded; but there was an echo of angry words, of rebellious cries in the air, that should have made it impossible for the father to read in quiet, and might well have caused him to hear self-condemning words.

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No. 2

MR. BARTLETT came home from business very weary. It had been a hard day, and he longed for his home as a place of quiet and rest. It was with a great sigh of relief that he settled himself in his easy-chair and opened his evening paper. What a heaven a home is after a day of toil !

In the farther corner of the sitting-room his five-year-old boy, Alfred, was running a train of cars.

"Hello, Mr. Conductor," he said cheerfully, "how is business to-day?"

Alfred was almost too busy to reply, but he answered readily, "Pretty good, sir," for he and papa were great chums.

Mr. Bartlett opened his paper and tried to read, but the clanging bells and resounding whistles were too much for his tired brain, and he began to feel that in some way he must secure a little more quiet. He hesitated to interrupt the happy play, but he realized that consideration for others was an important lesson for the child to learn; so, laying down his paper, he called in a cheery tone:

Strife or Harmony

"Hello, Mr. Conductor, can you step this way a minute, please?"

This was in the line of business; so Alfred complied at once and, with an expectant look, came and stood by his father's chair.

"Where does your train run?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"From New York to Mexico," replied the boy, promptly.

"Well, that is a fine trip," said the father. "I suppose you have sleeping-cars?"

Alfred had not thought of this, but the suggestion seemed to open a new line of business, and he quickly replied:

"Oh, yes, sir, nice ones."

"I thought I would like a ticket," said Mr. Bartlett, "and a berth in the sleeper. I suppose you take good care of your passengers. You do not call out stations in the sleeping-car or ring the bells, for that would wake up the passengers. You just let me know when we get to Mexico and see that we have a quiet ride until we arrive there."

Alfred's mind was busy with the new idea. He tiptoed back to his train, told the shovel engineer

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and the poker fireman that they must not be so noisy or they would wake up the passengers in the sleeping-car, and for the next half-hour a very quiet train of cars sped on its way to Mexico. Then the urgency of freight traffic began to assert itself and the din resumed. Realizing it was near the boy's bedtime, Mr. Bartlett laid down his paper, yawned, and said :

"I did not know that we were so near Mexico, but it is about time to get ready to leave the train. Say, Mr. Conductor, do you make connections with that train that starts for Sleepy Hollow in about ten minutes?"

Alfred understood that this was papa's way of telling him that it was about time to go to bed. He was not quite ready to go to bed and began to say that he was afraid they did not connect with that train.

Mr. Bartlett interposed with a statement that there was a special engine going to climb the hill, and that if he was ready he could have a ride. Alfred understood this also, and in a few minutes the train had resolved itself into an orderly row of chairs, the coal scuttle had resumed its ordinary occupation, the engineer and fireman

Strife or Harmony

were reposing on the hearth, and Alfred in great glee was being carried upstairs on his father's back. Mrs. Bartlett met them at the head of the stairs.

"Here, mamma, is a tired young conductor who has brought us safely through from New York to Mexico and he wants to take a special train to Sleepy Hollow. Good-night, my little man." And with a kiss the child was resigned to his mother's arms, and the father went back to his easy-chair and his newspaper, to a room that was filled with echoes of joyous laughter and the memory of a merry child who was going to sleep with a happy heart.

XIV
RUNNING AWAY AND ITS CURE
(FIVE YEARS)

XIV

RUNNING AWAY AND ITS CURE

(FIVE YEARS)

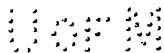
No. 1

“WELL, I suppose that child has run away again,” said Mrs. Phillips, as she hastened to the front gate. Aunt Mary went after her, and the two women stood and looked up and down the street anxiously. Electric cars were whizzing by almost every minute. There were heavy trucks, automobiles, bicycles, and a crowd of pedestrians in the street, and the day was drawing to a close. The city was full of dangers, even for an adult; how much more for the feet of a little child!

“I don’t know where to go, but I must start on the hunt.” And Mrs. Phillips was off down the street, looking here and there anxiously for her little girl.

After some minutes Aunt Mary saw her com-

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ing back, leading — no, dragging — the child by the hand, and she was scolding. Aunt Mary could see that long before she could hear the sound of her voice. When she came within hearing, she was saying: “You are the most troublesome little nuisance I ever knew. I don’t know what I am going to do with you. I think I will have to send you to the reform school.”

Little Jennie’s face was soiled and tearful, and she looked up anxiously at these words. She did not much mind the whippings she received, she was quite callous to the scoldings, but reform school was a new evil of which she had a great dread.

“What would you do with such a child, Aunt Mary? I have scolded and whipped and sent her to bed without her supper, and nothing does any good.”

“Have you ever tried tying her up?” asked Aunt Mary.

“Oh, no,” exclaimed Mrs. Phillips. “I should be afraid to do that. Why, she would have convulsions. I tried it once, and I thought the police would come in to see if she was not being murdered.”

Running Away and Its Cure

Jennie looked up with a sly little grin at these words. There was one punishment which she felt her mother would not inflict.

"No," said Mrs. Phillips, "I think I will have to send her to the reform school. Now, come along and get your face and hands washed, and I'll put you to bed without your supper."

And soon there issued from the bathroom the sounds of scolding and slapping, and the cries of an injured child whose spirit rebelled against the mother's admonitions.

"I declare," said Mrs. Phillips, returning to Aunt Mary and sinking in a chair, "I really do not know what to do. I have put the child to bed without her supper, and yet I feel she ought to have something to eat. It does n't do any good to whip her, she forgets it in five minutes. I am at my wits' end. It really seems to me I shall have to send her to the reform school."

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed Aunt Mary.

"Indeed, I do," said Mrs. Phillips. "She has got beyond me."

"That is a sorrowful admission for the mother of a five-year-old girl to make," said Aunt Mary, gravely.

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"Well, what would you do?" asked Mrs. Phillips. "I wish you would try your hand at her."

"I would be glad to if I had her by myself," said Aunt Mary, "but I certainly would not attempt it with you at hand."

"Well, I would be perfectly willing to go away and leave her in your charge. Suppose I go and visit mother for a week, and leave you to manage her. Are you willing to try?"

"Will you let me do just as I think best?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Yes, indeed. I feel perfectly safe to leave her with you."

"Very well," replied Aunt Mary. "I will undertake it."

No. 2

"Now, Jennie, good-bye, and be a good girl. Don't run away while mamma is gone. You won't, will you?"

"No," assented Jennie, very cheerfully.

"That is right. Mamma will bring you some candy if you are a good girl."

So the good-byes were said, and Aunt Mary and Jennie were left to themselves.

Running Away and Its Cure

"Now," said Aunt Mary, "we are going to have a very happy time. You will help me, and I shall help you. Shall we go and make the beds?" And so through the morning hours the two worked together. Jennie wielded her little broom and dust-cloth, and helped to wipe the dishes, finding Aunt Mary a very friendly companion. All went well until after dinner, when Aunt Mary went to take her usual nap. She thought it not best by prohibition to suggest the possibility of Jennie's running away, deeming it wiser to let things take their own course and to treat the child as if she was expected to be good. Jennie was playing happily in the yard when Aunt Mary went to her room, but when, in the course of an hour, she came out again, the child was nowhere to be seen. Wondering where she would better go to look for her, Aunt Mary stopped at the gate, when a little servant-girl across the street called out:

"She has gone to Willie Smith's, just around the corner." And here Aunt Mary found the child, playing very contentedly with a number of children.

She looked up a little frightened when she

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saw Aunt Mary coming, and waited for no comment, but ran with outstretched hands, saying:

"Oh, auntie, Willie Smith has got the nicest hobby-horse you ever saw."

"Has he?" asked Aunt Mary, kindly. "Well, I think we will not stop to admire it now." And, without a word, she led the child home. When there, she sat down, and, taking little Jennie on her knee, said gravely:

"You know, dear, you promised mamma not to run away, and you have broken your promise. Now, I want you to listen to what I am going to say to you. If you run away again, I will surely punish you."

Jennie made no reply.

"Do you know what punishment means?" asked Auntie.

"Oh, whippings, I suppose," said Jennie. "Are you going to whip me?"

"I have not decided just how I will punish you, but it will be something you will not like, and so it will be well for you to remember. Remember also that Aunt Mary always keeps her promises."

Running Away and Its Cure

That the child did not take this very seriously to heart was proven the next afternoon; for again, when Aunt Mary came from her nap, Jennie was gone. This time there was no obliging servant-girl to tell her where to look for the missing child. She was not at Willie Smith's, she was not at the corner grocery-store, though she had been seen to pass there an hour before. She was not at the drugstore on the corner below, though she had stopped to admire the gold fish in the window and the druggist had given her a stick of licorice. So the clues were followed, until at last, several blocks from home, Jennie was found with a crowd of children, listening to a hand-organ. She glanced up with a startled look as Aunt Mary took her hand. She saw the serious face, but there was no scolding. Auntie quietly waited until the tune was ended, and then as quietly started with Jennie towards home. This was a new method of procedure; and Jennie tried by several insinuating means to discover Auntie's frame of mind, but to no purpose. Aunt Mary's face was inscrutably calm, and so, silently, they walked together until they reached home. Then silently Jennie was taken to the

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bathroom, her face and hands washed, and a clean apron put on and her hair brushed. Then Aunt Mary took her on her knee and began to speak.

"You know, dear," she said, "I promised to punish you if you ran away, and I am going to keep my promise." So saying, she placed Jennie in a large wooden rocking-chair, and, with a small strap, buckled her in. Jennie looked up at first with a startled expression and then with a rebellious one. Quick as a flash she turned, under the strap, and began to unfasten the buckle; but Aunt Mary's hand quickly interposed, and Aunt Mary herself sat down quietly beside the child, holding her hand over the buckle so that Jennie could not reach it. At this, Jennie began to scream and to pound her head against the back of the chair. The noise was truly terrific, and Auntie did not wonder that Mrs. Phillips feared the appearance of the police; but she had begun the experiment, and did not intend to be frightened out of it.

She was conscious that, under all these convulsions and efforts, Jennie was keeping a watchful eye on her to note the impression she was

Running Away and Its Cure

making. Finding that the screams had apparently no effect, Jennie began to scold and threaten. "I don't love you," she cried. "I will call the police. I will wipe the floor with you," she continued, in phraseology which she had learned probably from some street acquaintance.

"I am sorry you don't love me," said Aunt Mary, quietly, "for I love you."

Jennie looked up with a surprised expression, but she evidently did not believe Aunt Mary's statement.

"I'll tell my mother on you," she said.

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "I hope you will. I want her to know."

Again a flash of surprise and a change of tactics.

"I won't eat supper with you."

"No," said Aunt Mary, "it looks now as though neither of us would have any supper; for we can have none so long as you act in this way. I can stay here just as long as you can, and while you kick and scream, we will stay. Just as soon as you are ready to be a good little girl and do what is right, you may be unfastened."

Evidently Jennie did not believe that this

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was the quickest way to obtain freedom, for she began to start up her screams and renew her kicking. It took all of Aunt Mary's resolution to stay quiet and see the child working herself into a fever. She began to wonder how long this could last, whether she would really be obliged to yield before the child gave up. In her dilemma she leaned on her elbow on the arm of the chair and covered her eyes with her hand, and her heart went out in a swift prayer for wisdom to guide her in this crisis. For several moments she remained silent, while the child's convulsive efforts and screams showed no sign of abatement. Then, without premeditation, Aunt Mary spoke. Even as she uttered the words, she wondered why she had said them. They were not formulated in her mind; for, if she had thought of them beforehand, she would probably have dismissed them as unreasonable. Impulsively she asked Jennie, "Do you ever pray?" Instantly the child became still, her eyes fixed upon Aunt Mary's face. Then the little arms went out and enclosed Aunt Mary's neck, and the child's voice whispered:

"I am sorry that I 'bused you, Auntie."

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Running Away and Its Cure

The buckle was unclasped, the strap removed, and the child and woman wept together in a loving embrace. The victory was complete. After this there was no rebellion on Jennie's part. Never again during her mother's absence did she run away. It was with a happy face she ran to greet her mother on her return; and almost before the words of greeting were spoken, she exclaimed:

"I did run away, mamma; and Aunt Mary tied me up, and I hollered and kicked and hollered as loud as I could, but she never scared a bit. I guess I won't run away any more."

XV
STUDYING THE CHILD
(SIX YEARS)

XV
STUDYING THE CHILD
(SIX YEARS)

No. 1

GABRIELLE CONWAY called herself an enthusiast; her friends called her a "faddist." Her latest fad was child-study, and in its prosecution she laid all her friends who had children under contribution. She called, note-book in hand, and entered therein the names, ages, personal peculiarities, defects, tempers, and "smartnesses" of all the little ones, who soon came to know her, and either ran away to escape a record of their faults or hastened to be present at the call, expecting their beauty and accomplishments to receive recognition.

"Come on," said one pert child. "Let's go in and say something funny, and Miss Conway will print it in a book."

Parents who feared the development of self-

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consciousness in their children dreaded the visits of Miss Conway.

It occurred to her one afternoon that she had not called lately on Mrs. Wingate, who had a little son about five years old, who, no doubt, would furnish many interesting items for the note-book.

Little Gordon opportunely made his appearance very soon after her entrance into Mrs. Wingate's parlor. The note-book at once made its appearance also, and, in answer to her inquiries, an entry was made of his age, name, color of hair and eyes, and the fact that he walked a little "pigeon-toed." After these items were noted, she put out her hand to greet him, and he shyly held out his in return.

"Oh," exclaimed the mother, "will you never learn which is your right hand? Give the other hand. He always persists in giving his left hand to strangers," she explained, "although I have corrected him numberless times."

"Always gives his left hand to strangers," noted Miss Conway. "Puts his left forefinger to the right corner of his mouth when spoken to."

During this writing the child had taken the op-

Studying the Child

portunity to whisper to his mother, "May n't I go to Mamie Dunbar's?"

"Oh, I 'm afraid you 'll get your clean clothes soiled."

"No, I won't. Please let me go. Do, mamma, please do. I 'll be real careful."

"Put his hand on his mother's cheek and moves from one foot to the other when he teases," noted Miss Conway.

"All right," said the mother; "but remember, if you tear or soil your clothes I shall have to punish you."

"I 'll 'member," gleefully responded Gordon.

As he ran from the room, Miss Conway noted, "Runs more pigeon-toed than he walks."

"Oh, I am sorry that you let him go," she exclaimed. "He makes such a fascinating study. I have already got some notes from him that I never obtained from any other child."

"How did you come to take up this subject of child-study, having no children of your own?" asked Mrs. Wingate.

"Just for that very reason," replied Miss Conway. "The mother stands too near her children to make a scientific study of them. Now, I 'll

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warrant you did not observe just what your little boy did when he was preferring his request. You were too busy thinking whether you should grant it or not to observe him closely. But I, as a disinterested spectator, noticed and noted very many interesting facts."

"But what good will that do? Of what use will they be to you or to the child?"

"None to me as an individual, and none, perhaps, to this child, but myriads of isolated facts, collected by close observers and put into the hands of scientists and co-ordinated with other material in the field of psycho-physiology, anthropology, and pathology, will be classified, and from the classification certain facts will be made prominent and certain principles deduced which will be indices for the training of children in the future. The education of the past has been largely based upon theory, but the spirit of to-day is to submit all the conclusions of the past to the test of fact, to see if they fulfil the conditions of truth. Speculation is at a discount. The pendulum of philosophical thought now swings toward observation and experiment, and it seems only right that the pendulum should be given full

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swing, since the arsis in any rhythmic movement determines the length of the thesis, you know."

"No," said Mrs. Wingate, laughing, "I confess that I don't know. I suppose it means something, and that child-study has some value, but I certainly have no time to watch Gordon to see if he smiles more at one corner of his mouth than the other, or in what direction the lines of his forehead run when he frowns. It seems to me I can understand, love, and train him without all that. Truly, it seems nonsense to me."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Wingate, that parents love their children does not prove that they can train them wisely. Yet it is not strange that the parent, engrossed with his personal problem, should fail to see the larger good that will come to future generations through close observation of the child of to-day."

"It may be true," said Mrs. Wingate, "but I fear I'll have to keep on in my own way of meeting the emergencies as they arise in my own case, leaving other mothers to do the same."

"Of course," replied Miss Conway, "the bulk of these investigations will have to be done by experts in rational psychology and experimental

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pedagogy who have the philosophic outlook, rather than by the parents, who see only their own limited circle. But one day you mothers will be grateful to us, who have the wider vision of the seer."

So laughingly the ladies parted, each to pursue her own path.

No. 2

MRS. WINGATE's younger sister, Mrs. Colgrove, had come from a not far distant town to spend several days. Soon after her arrival, while the ladies were deeply interested in their conversation, little Gordon entered the room not expecting to see any one but his mother. At first he thought the lady talking with her was a stranger and manifested some shyness, but his mother called: "Come here, Gordon. You know Aunt Margaret. Shake hands with her."

Gordon was better acquainted with Aunt Margaret by name than by actual association, and so came forward very readily and held out his hand in response to hers.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Wingate, with irrita-

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tion. "That same left hand again! Really, I am getting quite discouraged with Gordon," she explained to her sister. "He never will learn to give his right hand, although I tell him every time."

"Which is your right hand, Gordon?" asked Mrs. Colgrove, pleasantly.

"I don't know," replied the child, with an abashed manner.

Mrs. Colgrove opened her hand-bag and took out paper and pencil.

"See here," she said, "I am going to draw something for you."

With an interested look Gordon at once stepped to her side.

"I make a little mark here," she continued, "and this is Gordon. Now just in front of it I make another little mark, and this is Aunt Margaret. Now, if Aunt Margaret puts out her hand on this side and Gordon puts out his hand on the same side, it makes such a figure as this. Just like three sides of the room, is n't it? Now I will make another mark for Gordon and another one for Aunt Margaret. Now, if Aunt Margaret puts out her hand on this side and Gordon puts his out

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on the other side, they will meet right here and make — what is it, Gordon?"

The child's eyes brightened, and he replied quickly, "Z."

"No," said Aunt Margaret, "It is not quite the letter 'Z.' It would be if we used our left hands, but now it is a 'Z' turned around like this. What does it look like?"

"Like an 'N' lying down," said the boy.

"Or an 'S' with sharp corners," added Aunt Margaret.

They shook hands again, and Gordon noted the relative position of the bodies and clasped hands with great interest.

"Now," said Aunt Margaret, "you run out of the room and come back and make me a visit and shake hands with me."

Gordon did so, but this time offered his left hand.

"Oh, you little stupid, that is not the right hand!" exclaimed his mother, with annoyance, but Mrs. Colgrove gave her a warning look.

Gordon's face flushed, and he said in a discouraged tone: "Is this always the wrong hand, auntie?"

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"No," replied Mrs. Colgrove. "Let me tell you about these two little hands. You have a sister; what is her name?"

"Clara," replied the boy.

"Clara Wingate, is it not? And your name is Gordon Wingate. Now you are stronger than Clara, and there are some things which you can do that she is not permitted to do. But your names remain the same. Now the two little hands have names; one is Right Hand and the other Left Hand, and we permit Right Hand to do many things which Left Hand is not allowed to do. Can you think of some?"

Gordon shook his head.

"Does your mamma allow you to use your knife at the table in either hand?"

"Well, no," said Gordon, "I use my knife in one hand and my fork in the other."

"Yes, you use your knife in the right hand and your fork in the left. Now we have acquired the custom of always shaking hands with the right hand. Let me see if I can't help you to remember which your right hand is." And taking a little bow of ribbon from her dress, she pinned it on his right sleeve. "That is your right hand,"

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she said, "and now I will make the letter 'S' on your forehead, and you will always remember that we make a sharp-pointed 'S' in shaking hands with our right hands."

Gordon was sure he would always remember, and then he preferred a request. "Mamma, may I go and show the ribbon to Mamie Dunbar and tell her which is my right hand?"

"No," replied Mrs. Wingate, abruptly; "you remember how you soiled your clothes the last time you went there."

"Why, mamma, I have n't been there for a long time. Can't I go? I will be careful."

Mrs. Wingate foresaw persistent teasing, and so retreated from her position and temporized by saying, "Well, you know I shall punish you if you soil your clothes. You can go for half an hour."

It was not more than ten minutes before Gordon came back crying, with torn clothes, which gave him no concern, and a wounded finger over which he lamented loudly. Mrs. Wingate paid no attention to the finger, but began immediately to scold because of the soiled and torn clothes. She would listen to no explanation,

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but, seizing the boy, carried him off by main force. In a few moments she returned, and, seating herself with a sigh, said: "That child will be the death of me yet! He is such a little irrepressible conflict."

"What have you done with him?" asked her sister.

"I have shut him up in a dark closet. He is awfully afraid of the dark, and it is the worst punishment I could devise."

"If he is afraid of the dark, do you think it wise to shut him in a dark room?"

"Well, maybe he will learn to mind if he does not like being shut up."

"But really, Clara, it is a dangerous proceeding to shut up a nervous child in a place where he is afraid. Let us go and listen, and see if he is crying."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Wingate; "of course he is crying, but he will get over it."

But Mrs. Colgrove was not to be deterred, and soon found where the child was by the sound of his outcries.

"Clara," she said, "that child is frightened almost to death. You must let him out."

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"Indeed I won't," replied Mrs. Wingate. "I thought you believed in making children mind."

"So I do, but not by frightening them. Don't you know that the strain upon his nervous system may be very serious? You can devise some other method of punishment, but, I beseech you, do open the closet door."

The child's cries were really heartrending, and, yielding to her sister's entreaties, Mrs. Wingate opened the closet door; and the child rushed out with a scream, looking back as if he expected something to follow him.

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "something kept hitting me on the head. What was it?"

"Oh, it was n't anything, you foolish child," replied his mother.

"Gordon," said Mrs. Colgrove, "does your finger hurt you?"

The child's thoughts, thus turned away from the subject of fear, became engrossed with the little physical pain he was feeling.

"Come here," continued his aunt; "let's wash the little finger clean and tie it up, and I will tell you a story."

During the process of dressing the slight

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wound, Mrs. Colgrove interested the child by a pleasant recital of the things she had seen on her journey to the city, and then asked him in a casual way how he had hurt his finger. He had begun to feel that his Aunt Margaret was full of sympathy, and so without hesitation began his little tale.

"Why, you see, it was this way: Mamie had a little white kitty, and a dog got after it and chased it into the next yard, and Mamie was awful 'fraid and I was 'fraid that the dog would get the kitty, and there was n't time to run along through the gate, and so I just squeezed under the fence and drove the dog away and caught the kitty, and I tore my clothes and hurted my finger. I could not let the kitty get killed, could I?"

Mrs. Wingate had listened to the story with feelings that ranged from irritation to admiration.

"Why," she said, "the child was a little hero."

Gordon did not understand her remark, but recognized that it was not uncomplimentary, and smiled at his mamma.

"I am sorry I tore my clothes, mamma. I didn't mean to."

Mrs. Wingate was down on her knees beside

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the child, and, putting her arms around him, said, "Mamma is very proud of her little boy, that he was so brave."

Mrs. Colgrove, who did not like this method of treating the child, hastened to change the subject.

"And now I wonder if he is brave enough to go with Aunt Margaret into the closet and close the door?"

"Well, but, auntie, there is something in there that hit me on the head."

"Well, shall we go and see what it is? The dark did not hit you on the head. The dark is nothing."

Emboldened by his aunt's presence, Gordon went into the closet and the door was shut.

"There it is!" he cried, affrightedly. "It hits me now. Don't you feel it?"

Mrs. Colgrove put up her hand to the child's head, and then she laughed. "Put up your hand, Gordon, right here by mine, and you will find out what hits you on the head."

Timidly, yet anxious to prove his bravery, the little fellow put up his hand, and then he, too, laughed.

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"Why!" he said, "it's mamma's shawl. She always hangs it on the closet door."

"Surely," said Aunt Margaret, "there is always a reason for everything, and there is nothing in the closet when the door is shut that is not there when the door is open."

"But it is light when the door is open," persisted Gordon.

"Where does the light go when you shut the door? Can you catch it when it comes out of the closet?"

Gordon laughed. "Let's try," he said. So for several moments he played most merrily, trying to catch the light as it came out of the closet and the dark as it went in, until he grew so familiar with the dark that he was not at all afraid to go in the closet and stay several minutes alone.

"See, I am not afraid," he said proudly. "Dark does n't hurt any one."

When the two sisters were sitting together after the little boy was asleep, Mrs. Wingate said, "I wish I knew how to manage Gordon as you do."

"You must study him," replied her sister.

"Oh," said Mrs. Wingate, "I'm disgusted

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with child-study. I've no time to watch all his little 'tricks and manners,' as Gabrielle Conway does. She's awfully interested in child-study, but I can't see that it amounts to anything."

Mrs. Colgrove smiled. "Miss Conway's idea of child-study is not mine, yet I believe there is a kind of study of our children that is very valuable. It takes time and thought and much patience, but I think it pays."

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Mrs. Wingate, "and I mean to learn how to study my child. I thank you for the lesson you have given me to-day."

XVI

GOOD AND BAD TABLE MANNERS (SIX YEARS)

XVI
GOOD AND BAD TABLE MANNERS
(SIX YEARS)

No. 1

IF you merely looked at the children, you would have said they were lovely, with their rosy cheeks, their bright eyes, and curly hair. But if you came to eat with them — well, that was another story. They all chewed noisily and with mouth open. They smacked their lips, they used their fingers instead of forks, and, when fingers were soiled, they licked them clean. They reached for what they wanted or demanded it like a dictator, with no formality of supplication. They rushed to the table and began to eat before the family were assembled, and they left the table as the individual spirit moved, without word of apology or plea for permission.

The father and mother often wondered why their children were so ill-mannered. They them-

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selves had fairly good table manners, especially when there were guests; they were annoyed by the rudeness of the children, and during meals kept them frequently reminded of their misdeeds.

"Anna, don't eat with your knife."

"Gregory, I am ashamed to see you reach for what you want without asking."

They did not know that these very prohibitions were in themselves suggestions to do the forbidden thing. Anna would forget the "don't," but "eat with your knife" was in itself provocative of the deed, and, without purposing to disobey, she followed the hint given and received another hint in a repetition of the fault-finding.

Gregory could not feel the shame indicated by the words or looks of the parent and forgot that part of the sentence, but "reach for what you want without asking" remained in his subconscious mind and stimulated to a repetition of the offence. The very fault-finding of the parents thus became a force to bind still more closely the fetters of wrong habits.

The parents were troubled and anxious, but it is hard to break old habits and form new ones.

Good and Bad Table Manners

In all probability they will give up the struggle; and the children will be left fettered through life, or until, with a growing understanding of the requirements of polite society, they educate themselves into good table manners.

No. 2

You would not have thought Bennie Walton pretty at first sight. He had a snub nose, freckles, and red hair, but when you came to know him and witness his beautiful manners — well, you changed your mind.

Bennie's parents were wise people. They knew the value of starting right, and they worked in hearty accord to form good habits for Bennie in the outset.

As a baby he was taught to wait quietly at the table until the blessing was said, to use his spoon neatly, to say "please" and "thank you."

Quite early in life he came to feel that he and papa were the "men of the family" and "gentlemen always waited until the ladies were served." He would have felt quite aggrieved to have been waited on first, "just as if he were a baby."

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When he wanted anything, a gentle pat on mamma's hand gave her information of the fact and he was at once attended to; but mamma did not often ignore him so that he was obliged to call her attention to his wants, and he never found it needful to tease in order to receive his share of consideration. In fact, he early learned that things did not come by teasing, and that a pleasant request and a little patience, when courtesy demanded that he should be patient, — otherwise it was not required of him, — brought the granting of his wishes at once, if they were to be granted at all.

At six years of age Bennie had grown able to take papa's place in his absence, to ask the blessing, and to dish out fruit or some of the vegetables, and to be a very polite little host, looking after the wants of guests and perhaps saying to mamma in an aside, "I think Mrs. Brown would like some potatoes or bread," as the case might be.

His bearing was modest, but perfectly unembarrassed. He did not often join in the conversation, but, when he did, he was very attractive. Indeed, the dignified gravity of his

Good and Bad Table Manners

demeanor might have been somewhat amusing, if it had not been so charming.

When Bennie goes out into the great social world, he may not know all the minutæ of table etiquette, but one thing is sure, — he will never be guilty of rudeness, and his exquisite courtesy will disarm all criticism of small inaccuracies in the use of special implements for particular purposes.

XVII
COMPELLING OBEDIENCE AND
WINNING IT
(SIX YEARS)

XVII
COMPELLING OBEDIENCE AND
WINNING IT
(SIX YEARS)

No 1

“**R**OBBBIE, shut the door.”
Robbie, playing with his blocks, seems not to have heard the command.

“Robbie, did you hear me? I say, shut the door.”

Still Robbie pays no heed.

“Robbie,” insists the mother, with a stamp of her foot and a note of authority in her voice, “if you don’t mind me and shut that door, I shall certainly punish you. Come, now, are you going to shut the door?”

“Don’t want to shut the door,” declares the little five-year-old, continuing his play.

Quite in a temper, Mrs. Blake rushes at the little fellow, seizes him by the arm, and pulls him

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to the door, repeating: "Now, shut that door, I tell you. You won't, won't you? Well, take that." And a blow on the ear follows, succeeded by cries from Robbie. A struggle ensues which lasts for many minutes. Robbie, smarting under repeated blows and deafened by a torrent of words, at last shoves the door shut with his foot, and is sent back to his play with an angry heart, which is expressed in his sullen face

"You little rebel," says the tired mother, as she seats herself after the contest, "you think you can govern me, do you? Well, I'll show you. You've got to mind me, and that's all there is about it. You might as well stop crying, or I'll give you something to cry for. Do you hear?"

Robbie replies only by a vicious kick at a chair, at which his mother slyly laughs, as she says to her sister-in-law, looking on, "It is n't easy to get ahead of that young one, but I mean to make him mind at any cost."

To do Mrs. Blake justice, she does usually succeed in gaining apparent obedience from her little son, after a contest which is generally long and severe and leaves both in an unhappy frame of mind.

Compelling Obedience and Winning It

Robbie seems no more ready to mind as the days go on. Indeed, every struggle seems to leave him more rebellious than the preceding one, but the mother prides herself on never yielding a point after she has made her demand or given her order.

No. 2

MRS. BLAKE was called from home for a time, leaving Robbie in care of her sister-in-law.

"Now, don't let him get the upper hand of you. Give him a good whipping if he does n't mind," was Mrs. Blake's parting injunction. "Make him mind, as I do."

Miss Wallace smiled, saying, "Robbie and I will get along, I am sure." And yet at heart she was not so certain of it as her words implied, for she knew that Robbie had no idea of obedience, and she also knew that she would not whip him. The first day after the mother's departure Miss Wallace spent in making friends with her little nephew. She was interested in his play and made herself a very delightful companion. When bedtime came, she took him on her lap, told him

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a pretty story about some kittens, two of whom were good and obedient and one was disobedient. He was deeply interested in the mishaps of the naughty kitten and said :

“He’d ought to have minded his mamma, ought n’t he, auntie?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied Aunt Clara. “He would have been much happier. Now, you and auntie are going to be left together for two whole weeks and I am very anxious that we shall be very happy. Mamma thinks you ’d better mind Aunt Clara; so, whatever I tell you to do, you ought to do it. Don’t you think so?”

Robbie wasn’t quite sure; so auntie continued : “Auntie is going to be as good to you as she can, and sometimes the best thing she can do will be to make you mind. Now, I want you to listen to me very carefully. I shall only ask you to do the things I am sure mamma would want you to do, and if you do not mind me *at once*, Robbie, do you hear? — *at once*, I shall have to punish you.”

“Going to whip?” asked Robbie, rebelliously.

“I don’t just know what I will do, only this is sure: if you do not mind *at once*, I shall punish.”

Compelling Obedience and Winning It

Robbie was not much frightened at this threat; he had heard many threats that were not fulfilled.

Aunt Clara tried to avoid a contest with the child and succeeded until the afternoon of the second day, when she asked Robbie if he would please shut the door. At once the little lad answered saucily, "I won't."

Miss Wallace went near and, stooping down to him, said gently but firmly: "You remember I said yesterday that, if you did not mind me promptly, I should punish. I will give you one more chance this time, but after this I shall speak but once. Please shut the door, Robbie."

"I won't do it," asserted the child again.

Without further words Aunt Clara gathered the little rebel in her arms and sat down with him on the sofa, holding him so tightly that his efforts to free himself were all in vain. It was well that she was strong, for he kicked and tried to scratch and bite, while his screams were so terrifying that Miss Wallace feared the neighbors might be alarmed by them. Still she held the boy firmly, but without a word. Sometimes he would stop screaming for a moment and look up into her face. She returned his gaze with a look

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of gentle firmness, but in silence. Finding kicking of no avail, he at last grew more quiet.

"I want to get down," he demanded.

"You may get down as soon as you are ready to shut the door," replied Aunt Clara, quietly.

After a moment Robbie began to try to slip from his aunt's arms. She thought it best to take it for granted that he intended to shut the door, so allowed him to get down. He walked to the door, shut it with a bang, and, with a sullen face, turned towards her.

"Thank you, dear," she said softly, and went out of the room, leaving him to think over this new experience by himself. She had conquered, but it was by force though not by blows, and this kind of a victory did not satisfy her. She had not conquered the boy's real self. She thought over the situation very seriously. She had studied psychology somewhat and had learned something about the growth of a brain.

"It is evident," she said to herself, "that some irritable cells have been built into this little brain. If I could avoid arousing them, I should be glad; but he must learn to obey. How can I teach this great lesson of obedience with the least friction?"

Compelling Obedience and Winning It

She pondered a moment. "Why not have an obedience drill, just as they have fire drills in schools? I'll do it, and I'll get little Anna Corning to help me."

Little Anna, a bright girl of ten, was in no wise averse to spending the days in play with Robbie, and Miss Wallace explained to her what she wanted to do.

"I am going to teach you a new play called 'Orders.' The game is to see which one can do what I order the most quickly. You will show Robbie how, and I think we can have great fun."

A pointed paper cap with a paper plume was made for each child, and each carried a small flag. Miss Wallace explained such orders as "Mark time, march," "Forward, march," "Halt," etc., and, when these were learned, the drill began. Back and forth the children marched, waving their flags to the right, to the left, over their heads, leaving the flags on a chair, bringing them to Aunt Clara, carrying them behind them, in front of them, in all possible positions.

Robbie was delighted and seemed never to tire of the new game. During the two weeks that

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followed, little by little Miss Wallace introduced other orders, such as "Open the door," "Shut the door," "Bring that book," "Hang up your hat," etc., until Robbie grew so used to obeying in the play that even at other times he automatically started at a word of command and obeyed without rebellion.

Miss Wallace was delighted. "I wonder why we expect children to obey without being especially taught," she asked herself. "We do not expect them to play the piano without lessons; we teach them to read, write, and cipher; but we blame them if they do not instinctively know how to obey, and punish them if, like ourselves, they rebel at doing things which they have no interest in doing. I wish mothers would drill their children in the game of 'Orders' before they punish them for not knowing how to obey Orders."

XVIII
ATTITUDE TOWARD CHRISTMAS
TRADITIONS
(SEVEN YEARS)

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ATTITUDE TOWARD CHRISTMAS
TRADITIONS
(SEVEN YEARS)

No. 1

IT was the night before Christmas, and the children were hanging up their stockings around the fireless grate.

"I'm glad we have a chimney for Santa Claus," said Grace, "even if our house is heated by a furnace. I should think he 'd be glad there was n't any fire in the fireplace, would n't you?"

"Say, mamma," broke in Lewis, "Billy Gibson says there is n't any real Santa Claus; but there is, is n't there?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Hayes, winking at her husband. "How would we get our presents if there was n't any Santa Claus?"

"That's what I told him," said Lewis, "but he said our folks gave us the presents. He

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does n't know much, does he?" And Lewis laughed in derision of his ignorant little friend.

"I'm going to keep awake and see Santa to-night," piped up little David, as he kissed his father good-night and scampered off to bed.

After seeing the children safely in bed, Mrs. Hayes returned to the sitting-room, remarking, as she took her place at the table: "Mrs. Gibson called on me to-day and tried to enlighten me on the Santa Claus question. The family seem to be quite distressed by our heathenish belief in Santa Claus. She thought that I ought to tell the children at once that he is a myth; but I think life is prosaic enough at its best, and I want them to have just as much poetry in their lives as possible. I don't believe in doing away with the fairies, brownies, and dear old Santa, and having only hard, Gradgrind facts. I told Mrs. Gibson so, and she said she only hoped I would n't destroy their ultimate faith in me by teaching them to believe in something that is n't true. It seems to me that is pretty far-fetched, don't you think so?"

Mr. Hayes smiled his assent, and both bus-

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

ied themselves with filling the row of empty stockings.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light illumined the house, the children were awake and scampering down to the living-room to examine their stockings, not heeding their mother's command to put on their clothes before going downstairs. Mrs. Hayes began hastily dressing herself, at the same time saying to her husband, "Tom, you 'll have to go down cellar and hurry up that furnace fire, or the children will all take cold."

"It's a pity if a man can't sleep late on Christmas morning," growled Mr. Hayes. "He has to get up early every other morning in the year. I had supposed he would be left in comfort when he had a rest from business."

"Well, I know, Tom, it is too bad; but the children are downstairs in their night clothes, looking at their presents, and you know how cold the house is this time of the day. Can't you go down and fix it, and then come back and have your nap?"

Still grumbling, Mr. Hayes donned a part of his apparel, and went sleepily down the two

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flights of stairs to perform the allotted task. Meanwhile his wife had gathered the garments belonging to the little people, saying, as she entered the room, "Children, come here at once and put on your clothes."

Her words fell upon unheeding ears, however. The room was full of clamor as the children unwrapped their presents and exclaimed over what they found inside.

Raising her voice, she called again to them, "Children, did you hear what I said?"

Just then a cry went up from David. "Mamma," he cried, "Lewis took my locomotive. Do you suppose Santa Claus would give such a beauty to a little boy like you? It's mine, I tell you."

"It is n't, either," shrieked the little fellow. "It was in my stocking, and I unwrapped it and put it down here and you took it."

"I did n't, either. I took it from my stocking."

"Children, stop your quarrelling this minute."

"Well, mamma, it is mine, is n't it?" pleaded David.

"How should I know whose it is? I don't know whose stocking it was in. Can't you tell?"

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

"Well, mamma," said Lewis, "we took everything out of our stockings at once and piled them on the floor; and that 's what makes David think it was his, 'cause my pile was right next to his."

"Now, Lewis Hayes," suddenly cried out Grace, "you get off my doll. Mamma, just look where he stepped on it."

"Well, you should n't have your doll on the floor in the way, then," growled Lewis.

Seeing that it was useless to try to get the children into their clothes, Mrs. Hayes pinned shawls about them and hurried out of the room to begin her preparations for breakfast. Even in the kitchen she was not free from trouble, however, for every once in a while one or the other of the children would come out with a tale of a broken toy or some question of ownership to be decided, until the mother was fairly distracted and ready to wish there was no such day as Christmas.

Her spirits were not cheered any by the appearance of her husband, who came into the kitchen with a scowl on his face as he said: "Might as well try to sleep in Bedlam as in this house. How soon will breakfast be ready?"

"I can have it ready in fifteen minutes if you

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are in a hurry for it, but the children are n't dressed. Can't you do that while I get the breakfast on the table?"

While the volume of sound issuing from the living-room did not diminish after the father's entrance, the character of it changed perceptibly, giving unmistakable evidence of the rebellion with which the paternal authority was met.

It was not a happy row of faces that surrounded the breakfast-table. The children were already surfeited with sweets and had no desire for food, but deeply resented being torn away from the contemplation of the many charms of their presents.

As soon as they could escape from the table, they were back in the living-room, and the uproar began again. Mr. Hayes hurried from the house to escape the noise, and Mrs. Hayes tried in various ways to stem its current, but all to no avail.

Thus the day wore on, and when at night the weary, restless, unhappy children were put to bed, and the mother gathered up the broken and scattered toys, both she and the father rejoiced that Christmas came but once a year.

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

No. 2

It was the Sunday evening before Christmas, and Mrs. Gibson was having her usual Sunday evening talk with her children.

"We had a Christmas story in Sunday-school to-day," said little Margaret, as she took her place on the sofa by her mother's side.

"So did we," said Billy, as he seated himself on the opposite side of his mother.

"Tell us a Christmas story," said little Winnie, climbing up on her mother's knee.

"Trismus story," echoed Robbie, perching on the other knee.

So the mother began to tell them the sweet story of the Christ-child, who was born in far-off Palestine and whose life had brought so much joy and gladness into the world. "And so, you see, Christ was God's gift to us," she said in conclusion, "and because He gave Himself for the world we remember His birthday by giving gifts to others. We give not only to our own family, but we give to the poor and needy 'in His name.'"

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"Well, mamma," broke in Billy, "why do people say that Santa Claus brings all the presents? I told Lewis Hayes there was n't any Santa Claus, and he said there was, because his mamma said so and she never told any lies. Does n't she know there is n't any Santa Claus?"

Mrs. Gibson ignored the last question and asked: "Do you remember the story I told you, a year or so ago, about Mr. Wind, how he liked to grab a boy's cap and run away down the street with it, and how he played with the leaves in the Fall?"

"Oh, yes, of course I do. I always have lots of fun with jolly Mr. Wind when he's around."

"And do you remember that other story I told you about Jack Frost, and how he paints pictures on the windows?"

"Yes, yes," cried all of the children together.

"Do you think there is really a Mr. Wind or a Jack Frost?"

"Oh, no, that's just make-believe," said Billy.

"How about fairies and brownies?"

"They're just make-believe, too; but they're lots of fun."

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

“Well, that’s the way it is with Santa Claus. Years and years ago, away over in Holland — and in other countries as well — the people used to make-believe that all the kind deeds were done by an old saint whom they called Saint Nicholas, or Kris Kringle. There had been a man named Nicholas many, many years before that, and he was so good to children that he was called their saint. So, when a father and a mother gave presents to their children, and the little ones asked where they came from, the parents would say, ‘Saint Nicholas must have sent it to you.’ Or, when some one wanted to give a present to one who was in great need but was too proud to take the gift, they would say that it had been sent by the good Saint Nicholas. So, in time, everybody came to look upon the loving, giving spirit that was in the world as the expression of the spirit of the kind old saint. It personified the giving spirit, as we would say, and was called Saint Nicholas, only in America we call it Santa Claus. We make presents for all our beloved ones, and then we tell them ‘Santa Claus must have brought them.’ We remember the poor and needy, trying to make their lives a little brighter

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and happier, but we tell them that it was all Santa Claus. Don't you think it a nice play?"

The children were unanimous in their appreciation of the play, for the story, though not new, came to them every Christmas with added charm.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light illumined the house on Christmas morning, the children arose and quietly dressed themselves. They stole about the house like veritable little brownies, trying to keep quiet while performing their allotted tasks, so papa could have a morning nap. It was a well-understood custom of the household that no gifts were to be opened until the morning duties were properly disposed of. The parlor was a room of mystery which was scrupulously avoided by all, for within its boundaries the gifts had all been placed the night before, with many whisperings and gigglings and much ostentatious secrecy.

At about half an hour before time for the breakfast bell, the children gathered in the hall and softly sang a little Christmas carol, the sweet notes of which brought Mr. Gibson from dream-land to a pleasant realization of home.

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

With happy faces and wholesome appetites, the family gathered around the breakfast-table. At its conclusion, many willing hands made light work of the remaining tasks, and soon all were gathered in the parlor with a forenoon of uninterrupted enjoyment before them. The children seated themselves near the mother, turning expectant faces toward their father, who had taken his place beside the large table, whose top was completely covered with an array of miscellaneous packages.

"One at a time, as usual," remarked Mr. Gibson, cheerily, as he picked up a large package, read "For Mother," and handed it to Mrs. Gibson.

With eager eyes the children watched her as she opened the package, and the "Ohs" and "Ahs" which greeted the gift were as delighted as though it had been the particular property of each child.

The next was a gift for little Robbie. All waited patiently while with eager, trembling fingers he untied the string, for all recognized that half of the joy of receiving a gift was unwrapping it for one's self. When this had been

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fully admired by all, the next gift was handed out. In this way each gift brought joy to every member of the family, and no one was surfeited by receiving all of his presents at once.

When the last gift had been bestowed, the two older children brought in a bushel basket and gathered up in it the wrappings which had been thrown on the floor, while mamma and the two other children wound up the string, and in a few moments the room was in comparative order.

"Let's make a new Christmas game, children," suggested the mother. "Suppose you all play with Robbie's gifts for an hour and help him to enjoy them. Then you can put them on the table, and all play with Winnie's, and so on, until all the gifts have been enjoyed."

The children had been trained to play harmoniously together, and this suggestion of the mother's filled the day with happy, united enjoyment of all the gifts.

At night the mother called upon them to choose the gifts for the next day's enjoyment, and the rest were put away with the promise that they should all be brought out again on Sunday and a

Attitude toward Christmas Traditions

choice made of those which were suitable for Sunday games.

Thus the happy day drew to a close; and when the children, gathering together their toys and putting them away, said, "Would n't it be nice if Christmas came oftener?" their wish was echoed in the hearts of their loving father and mother.

XIX
CONTRASTING METHODS OF BUSY
MOTHERS
(SEVEN YEARS)

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CONTRASTING METHODS OF BUSY
MOTHERS

(SEVEN YEARS)

No. 1

A MOTHER is busy sewing. A little girl, perhaps seven years old, comes and lays her head against the mother's shoulder, saying, "What can I do to amuse myself?"

The mother replies petulantly: "I don't know, but you can go away and not hinder me. Go and play."

"But I don't know what to play."

"Play with your doll."

"I'm tired of playing with her."

"Play with your tea-set."

"It's no fun to play with that alone."

"Oh, you're a nuisance. Go away and don't bother me so. I want to finish this dress for you to wear to-morrow."

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"I don't want any new dress. I want you."

"Well, you can't have me, so just make up your mind to that. If you don't quit hindering me, I'll have to punish you."

The child leaves the mother's side, and there is silence for some minutes. Then the mother espies the child busy with the scissors and exclaims: "What are you doing? Cutting up good pieces of your dress, I declare. Here, give me those scissors and see if you can keep out of mischief." She gives the child a box on the ear, who thereupon goes away crying.

"Keep still. I did n't hurt you. Shut right up, or I'll give you something to cry about."

Silence for a few moments, while the child looks gloomily out of the window.

At last she speaks. "Mamma!"

No reply. Louder, "Mamma!"

"Oh, what do you want? Was there ever such a nuisance?"

"May I go into the garden?"

"No, you'll get into mischief."

"No, I won't. Let me go."

Contrasting Methods of Busy Mothers

After more teasing, the mother says, "Well, do go and let me have some peace; but remember, you 'll be punished if you get into any mischief."

Half an hour later the dress is finished and the mother calls, "Come in, Nellie, and try on your new dress."

Slowly the child responds, and, when the mother sees her, she springs at her angrily, exclaiming: "Now, what have you done! You've been playing in the water. Just look at your dress. And you picked my roses, too, when you knew that Aunt Fannie was coming to-morrow and I wanted her to see the garden looking pretty."

"I did n't pick any roses, mamma — " began the child.

"Don't you tell me stories. It is bad enough to disobey, without telling stories about it afterward. Now you shall go to bed at once and without your supper. You need n't cry. It is what you deserve for being so naughty. What a trouble children are!"

So the little child is impatiently sent off to weep sullenly over her mother's injustice, mutter-

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ing to herself, "Mean old thing!" and the mother, who really loves the child, is unconscious that she has treated her cruelly and thinks that she herself is the one deserving of sympathy.

No. 2

A MOTHER is sewing. Her little girl comes and leans against her shoulder, saying, "I want to be amused."

The mother, putting her arm tenderly around the child, kisses her, saying: "If I were not so busy, dear, I'd come and play with you; but you'd like me to finish this dress for you to wear to-morrow, would n't you?"

The little girl smiles dubiously.

"I don't know, mamma; I'm awfully lonesome."

"Are you, dear? Well, let's see if we can make you less so. Let's play that you are Mrs. Gray and then you can come to see me and bring Angelina, and I'll give you some cloth to make a dress for her and we can visit together."

The idea pleases the child, and, after the

Contrasting Methods of Busy Mothers

pieces are selected, the little girl takes them, goes away, soon returns with her doll, and knocks at the door. The mother looks up, smiling. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Gray! How glad I am to see you! And you've brought your dear Angelina! I hope you have brought your sewing. I am so busy making my Helen a dress to wear to-morrow that I can't stop my work, but we can sew together. Are you making Angelina a new dress? How very pretty!" — and so the pleasant chat continues, Mrs. Gray being greatly delighted and working busily at the sewing for her doll-daughter.

When a marvellous cap and shawl have been evolved and duly admired, there appear symptoms of loss of interest, and the mother suggests that Angelina be taken for a walk in the garden.

"Only, my dear Mrs. Gray, I hope that she will not pick my roses. You see, my sister is coming to-morrow and we want the flowers to give her a welcome."

"Oh, Angelina can be trusted. She won't pick them if I tell her not to."

"That's just the way with my little girl. It is

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very nice to have such obedient children, is n't it?"

Mrs. Gray assents and takes her departure. When the mother has finished the dress, she calls for Helen, and the little one comes running in, her apron wet and soiled and a rose in her hand. The mother looks at her steadily, but says nothing.

The little girl's glance falls on the flower she carries, and she runs at once to her mother, saying, "I did n't pick it, mamma; I found it on the ground."

The mother smiles, saying, "I am glad to know that you did not disobey me. But how comes your apron to be wet?"

The little one looks down surprised. "Why, I did n't know it was wet. I was just playing in the water, but I thought I kept dry. Do you care, mamma?"

"It would have been better to ask permission; then I would have told you to put on your rubber apron and overshoes."

"I am sorry, mamma."

"Well, no great harm is done. Now you can take a bath, and we will try on your new dress,

Contrasting Methods of Busy Mothers

and if you 'll keep it clean you can wear it for
papa to see when he comes home."

"Oh, you 're the dearest mamma in the world,
and I always mean to be good and mind you."
And the happy little one runs off to her bath.

XX

**A WRONG AND A RIGHT
THANKSGIVING DAY**

(EIGHT YEARS)

XX

A WRONG AND A RIGHT THANKSGIVING DAY

(EIGHT YEARS)

No. 1

MRS. MILLER had decided to have a family reunion on Thanksgiving Day and had devoted the whole week to preparation. The morning dawned to the sound of whistling winds and falling rain, most unwelcome to her ears, as it entirely upset her plan of having the children out of doors most of the morning. The management of three active youngsters, from three to eight years of age, was problem enough for any ordinary rainy day, but when that day was crowded with other, not to be postponed, work, the problem became more complicated.

After a hurried breakfast Mrs. Miller betook herself to the task of bed-making, giving orders to the little folks not to disturb anything in the

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kitchen, not to put things into disorder, not to be noisy. "Don't get into any mischief," was her final comprehensive and suggestive command.

As she bustled about the upper rooms, she was conscious that the children were not still; but that was something of a relief, for stillness, as far as the children were concerned, was ominous. On her return to the sitting-room, however, she found it transformed into a circus, and each little acrobat hampered somewhat in the performance of his feats by the eating of an apple.

"You've been to the kitchen and helped yourselves," she exclaimed.

"We did n't 'sturve anything," asserted six-year-old Ruth.

"No, 'tourse not," corroborated four-year-old Lynn.

"But see what a looking place you've made of the sitting-room," urged the mother. "What will Aunt Ethel say? She is to be here at ten o'clock."

"Oh, Aunt Ethel won't care," was the consoling asseveration of Carl, the eight-year-old.

"Well, I care, and you must straighten these

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things up at once and then let things stay in order the rest of the day. Do you hear?"

"All right, mamma. But it is n't ten yet. Can't we have something to feed our monkeys with?" and three pairs of eager feet trotted after her into the kitchen.

"Hi-yi! here are some nuts." With a grab of three small hands into the dish of salted peanuts, the children hurried shouting back to their play, followed by the scolding words of the mother. During the rest of the morning, raids upon the kitchen were frequent, and, although Mrs. Miller raised many protestations, the children never returned to their play empty-handed.

Mrs. Miller was determined that her dinner should surpass that given last year by Sister Emily, — "John's wife, you know, who thinks she can cook," — and she had prepared an elaborate bill of fare.

While she was in the midst of concocting a complicated salad, Ruth came screaming into the kitchen. "Oh, mamma, come quick! Carl is going to make Lynn fall and hurt himself."

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For the moment the salad was forgotten, as Mrs. Miller rushed to the scene of danger. The circus seemed to be still in full running order. Indeed, the greatest feat of the whole programme was being performed. The table had been pushed against the wall, a chair placed upon it, a stool on the chair, and on the stool stood Master Carl, encouraging little Lynn to swing by his hands from the picture moulding, a feat which he seemed to be attempting with full hope of success.

"Carl!" screamed the mother. "Stop! Get down! You'll make Lynn fall."

The startled exclamation accomplished what the mother feared. Carl loosened his hold, Lynn's grip on the moulding was lost, and the little acrobat fell to the table, receiving a few bumps and a severe fright. Fully ten minutes elapsed before his screams were silenced by the application of "vinegar and brown paper" to the bruised place, and a big piece of cake for the injured feelings. When peace was restored, Mrs. Miller returned to her salad, but with the nerves strained to a still higher tension.

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There was hardly time to greet Aunt Ethel when she arrived, ushered in with a full blast of trumpets from the band wagon of the circus, which led the street parade of chairs. With an apology to the guest and a few "don'ts" to the children, Mrs. Miller was obliged to return to her work.

Aunt Ethel was accompanied by her ten-year-old daughter, known as little Ethel, who was greeted with a shout of delight from the children and invited to take part in an Indian hunt, hastily improvised to take the place of the disorganized circus. So, for a time, Aunt Ethel was at the mercy of the little savages, who swarmed around and climbed over her in the ardors of the chase. The appearance of Mr. Miller on the scene put a temporary quietus on affairs.

The other guests began to arrive, but Mrs. Miller had only time for a hasty greeting, as the dinner was at a stage when to leave it would be to fail of success. Twelve o'clock came and passed, one o'clock, and no call to dinner. Mr. Miller visited the kitchen.

"Dinner most ready?" he asked.

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"No, indeed," was the reply. "You can't expect such a dinner as this to be ready by noon. I am hurrying, but it will probably be half-past one or two o'clock before it is ready."

"I'll give the children a piece, then. They are clamoring for dinner." And Mr. Miller gathered a handful of nuts and raisins out of the dinner's elaborate dessert, adding an apple and an orange as an after-thought.

"They don't need a mouthful," said his wife; "but never mind if it will keep them still."

Dinner came at last. The company was seated, with one child at the father's right hand and one on each side of the mother, with little Ethel by her mother, and the puny, spoiled son of Uncle John and Aunt Emily seated between his parents.

"Give me some turkey," shouted Carl.

"Turkey," echoed Lynn.

"Uncle Charlie, you need n't give me any potato," cried little Ethel, "and I like lots of dressing and gravy."

"So do I, and I want the wishbone." This from Uncle John's son.

"Oh, I want the wishbone," exclaimed Lynn.

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"I always have it at home," pouted little Ethel.

"Children must wait till their elders are served," said Mr. Miller, as he sliced the turkey.

"You don't say that on other days," asserted Carl. "You say children are hungry and can't wait."

"Can't wait," echoed Lynn.

"Hungry now," clamored Ruth.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Miller, "I guess we'll have more peace if we stop these little mouths." So he proceeded to serve the children, who were ready for the second course by the time all the guests were served to the first. Then they began vociferously demanding various things.

The dinner was elaborate, and its discussion so prolonged that the children, stuffed to repletion, began to be uneasy.

"My tummy aches," cried Harold. To soothe his discomfort, Aunt Emily took her son upon her lap and gave him sips out of her cup of coffee. Upon this, the other children clamored for coffee, too.

"Not milk-coffee," demanded they. "Harold has real coffee, and we want real coffee too."

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Of course their demands were acceded to, and temporary quiet ensued.

It was four o'clock before the grown people left the table; but, long before that time, the children deserted it and, with hands filled with nuts and raisins, began a hilarious romp through the parlor and sitting-room, not even avoiding the dining-room occasionally in their racing after one another.

When the adults gathered in the front room for an after-dinner chat, they were so overpowered by the children's noise that all comfortable conversation was rendered an impossibility, and one by one they took their leave. Mrs. Miller came from her after-dinner labors in the kitchen to say good-bye, having had no real visit with her guests except at the dinner-table.

At six o'clock the children were again fed from the fragments of the dinner and put to bed, to toss through the night in troubled dreams, arousing the tired mother with appeals for water and giving her much anxiety by their feverish condition.

For several days they were cross and peevish

Wrong and Right Thanksgiving Day

and had hard colds, over which Mrs. Miller puzzled. "They could not have been exposed to draughts," she said, not realizing that disordered digestion from stuffing is a prolific cause of colds.

No. 2

It was Mrs. Needham's turn to give the Thanksgiving dinner, and she had thought much upon the matter. She could not surpass the banquets spread by the other women of the family on previous occasions, but she believed she could make it more truly an occasion for thanksgiving. She talked the matter over with her husband, and he agreed with her.

"We'll have a good but simple dinner," she said, "and we'll try to make everybody feel that they have had a good time. And we'll have no sick children from overfeeding," she added with emphasis.

The children were three in number, — Hastings, aged eight; Mildred, "going to be five"; and Jamie, who was "half past three," — all rugged, active children with all the normal child's delight in noise. They were deeply interested in

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the coming dinner, and Mrs. Needham saw that, unless guided in their manifestations of interest, they might become troublesome.

The Sunday before Thanksgiving she took the little group to the library and showed them some pictures of life in Puritan times. She told them in simple words of the landing of the Pilgrims and the first Thanksgiving Day, and then set their little brains to searching for their own causes for thankfulness.

"I'm thankful for my croquet set," said Hastings.

"An' I'm thankful for my sand-machine," said Jamie.

"I'm thankful for you and papa," said loving little Millie, putting her arm around her mother's neck.

"And we are very thankful for our blessed babies," said mother, kissing each shining face, while her eyes filled with tears.

Thanksgiving Day dawned with rain and wind, and prevented the children from carrying out their plan of a morning out of doors; so Mrs. Needham felt that in some way she must make good the disappointment.

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"This is to be our day to make others happy," she said, as they left the breakfast-table. "Who would like to be mamma's helper?"

Three pairs of hands were waving in the air at once, and three eager voices shouted, "Me! Me! Me!"

"Well, you can all help me. Millie and Jamie can help me make the beds, and Hastings can put the sitting-room in order and dust the parlor. Then he can take charge of those rooms for the day and see that they are kept in order."

There was no dissenting voice to this proposition. The older boy felt proud to be trusted to work alone, and the younger ones were happy to work with mamma. They straightened the bedclothes on one side as mamma pulled them up on the other, tucked the corners, patted the pillows, hung up "nighties," and felt that they were of great assistance.

When it came time for Mrs. Needham to betake herself to the kitchen, she brought out two seed and flower catalogues, and suggested that the two older children should color the pictures, — a plan which met their hearty approval. She left them anxiously discussing what colors should

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be used on certain flowers, feeling sure that they were disposed of for the rest of the morning.

Little Jamie she took with her to the kitchen, and settled him at the table with a tiny rolling-pin, cake-cutter, and a bit of dough, and he "helped mamma cook."

Dinner was to be at half-past twelve as usual, for Mrs. Needham said she saw no reason why people should be made hungry and impatient in order to make them thankful for their dinner.

The guests arrived in due season, and the children were entertained by being shown the paintings done by Mildred and Hastings, and were called upon to decide what color to paint the beets and cucumbers, the roses and carnations; but so quietly was this done that the grown-up people, who wanted to talk together, were not disturbed.

Mrs. Needham had only time for hasty greetings, but the dinner was served promptly and without nervous haste.

When the six children came into the dining-room, they uttered shouts of joy.

"Oh! oh! oh!" they exclaimed; "a little table all for us!" It was indeed a little table,

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almost too small, but the children did not care for that. They took their places, looking with delighted anticipation towards the larger table.

"Hastings is going to wait on his table," said Mrs. Needham, "and Cousin Carrie will wait on us." A little impatiently, perhaps, but quietly, the older children waited, until with an air of great dignity the little fellow served the young guests at his father's direction, and then brought his own dinner and took his place with them.

The dinner was little more than an ordinary company meal,—turkey, cranberry sauce, simply cooked vegetables, and pumpkin pie. But Mrs. Needham had placed at each plate a small envelope which was found to contain a laughable recital of something which the guest was directed to read to himself while the dinner was being served and then to find some place in the conversation where it could be related appropriately. As these stories were based upon all sorts of conditions and incidents, the endeavors of each guest to turn the conversation along the line of his special story created much amusement.

After dinner the table was cleared, the food put away, the dishes piled up to await a more con-

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venient season, and then Mrs. Needham appeared with a most entertaining Thanksgiving story, which the young lady who had studied elocution was asked to read. The musical young man was then requested to preside at the piano, while they all joined in singing "My Country, 't is of thee." Cousin Carrie had been asked to learn Mrs. Hemans' "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and recited it effectively. Then a spontaneous conversation, made up of the recollections of the older people, interested them, while the children, in charge of Cousin Carrie, were allowed the sitting and dining-rooms as their exclusive domain.

Mrs. Needham and the young girl had talked the matter over beforehand and arranged a programme of diversions which would be entertaining yet not noisy. First came a "whisper hunt" for peanuts, which were hidden in all sorts of places, even the upstairs rooms being included in the hunting-grounds. On tiptoe and with many giggling whispers, the little people prosecuted their search. One peanut was to be paid as a fine for every word spoken above a whisper, while the boy and girl having the

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greatest number at the end of the search were rewarded with dainty souvenirs.

After this came "Still Hide and Seek." The little company seated themselves in a circle on the floor, and then one of the number would say, "I am hiding; where?"

Then the others would guess in turn. "In the parlor."

"No."

"Under the table."

"No."

"In the *jardinière*."

"Yes." Then the successful guesser took his turn at hiding, and so the merry game proceeded, the strangest hiding-places being selected, but all finally guessed by the eager little minds.

Other games equally entertaining and quiet kept the children happy until the hour for departure came, when one and all said that they had had a most enjoyable time. Through it all not a word was said about the dinner, and yet Mrs. Needham was happy.

A simple supper of bread and milk satisfied the children, and after they were in bed, sleeping

